The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 92. Vol. XVI. MAY, 1899. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th June *in the* July *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We are informed that a small company is being formed in New York to purchase Mr. Rudyard Kipling's future work and handle it as a speculation. Rumour connects the scheme with an American publishing firm whose name has for some time been closely associated with Mr. Kipling's work.

Lord Charles Beresford's book on China may be expected in a few days, Harper and Brothers being the publishers both here and in America. Except for two maps the volume will not be illustrated. As the book, save for one chapter, is the Admiral's own work, it should prove a racy and valuable contribution to the literature of the Far Eastern Question.

Mr. Bret Harte is writing an article full of reminiscences of his early days in California for a Philadelphia newspaper. It is not likely that the article will be published in this country.

Mr. William Le Queux, who has taken up his quarters in a château in the Forest of Fontainebleau for the summer, has just completed a sequel to his popular "Great War in England." It is to be called "England's Peril," and will be issued by Messrs. F. V. White and Co. immediately, with a cover design and frontispiece by Gaston Darbour, the well-known designer for the house of Ollendorff, of Paris. The book, we understand, will throw considerable light upon the efforts of foreign spies in England, and has a certain foundation of fact.

We understand that there is no truth whatever in the rumour recently circulated in several newspapers that Mr. William Le Queux had been expelled from Nice by the French authorities in consequence of some articles he had contributed to a London morning paper in which he criticised the sanitation of the town adversely.

Although the critics in this country seem to have been somewhat doubtful as to the reception which they should give Dr. Doyle's recently published novel, "A Duet," we hear that in America it has been very favourably received by the Press, and is having a very large sale.

We are very glad to be able to say that Mr. Crockett has now completely recovered from the effects of the slight operation which he underwent some few weeks ago. When in town last week he looked, as he himself said he felt, in the very best of health and spirits.

Sir Walter Besant, whose great work on "The Survey of London" is now rapidly nearing completion, has promised to contribute to the pages of one of the best of the American magazines a series of articles dealing with interesting places and buildings in the eastern part of London and the people connected with them. After the articles have been published serially they will be collected and published as a companion volume to Sir Walter's "Westminster" and "South London."

Mr. W. W. Jacobs having failed to induce a hard-fisted Treasury to grant to him some portion of a superannuation allowance, will stay on in the Civil Service for a brief period. Meanwhile his book, "Many Cargoes," is being translated into German.

The new novel which Mr. Stanley J. Weyman is to publish serially in the *Queen* during the second half of this year is to be entitled "Sophia." The story will, of course, be published serially simultaneously in America, Australia, and elsewhere, and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Longmans and Co.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has been commissioned in America to write a series of six short stories for syndicate publication. Mr. Jerome's last book, "The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," has enjoyed quite a unique popularity both in America and in Canada. The sale of it is said to have surpassed anything he has hitherto done.

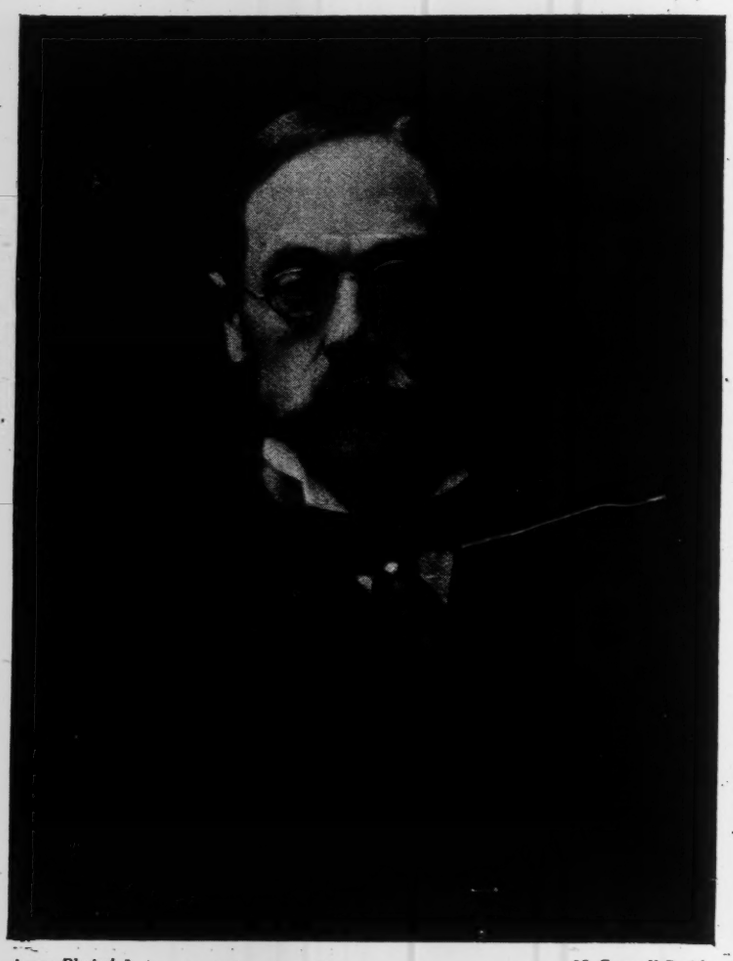
Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who has been residing for some little time in Germany, is expected to be back in London in the early part of May.

The Rev. William Morrison, of Rosehall U.P. Church, Edinburgh, has finished his Life of Andrew Melville for the Famous Scots series. It will no doubt bear that touch of genius by which Mr. Morrison's preaching is characterised.

Historical students, who know Dr. Mackinnon's "Culture in Early Scotland" and his "Union of England and Scotland," will be glad to learn that he is now hard at work on a book dealing with the period of Edward II. and Edward III.

The first volume of the late Dr. Heddle's great work on "The Mineralogy of Scotland" is now thrown off, and part of the second volume is in type. Very few books are the result of as much laborious, long-sustained, and well-directed research. Before his death he gave the whole of his work—text, analysis, and figures—to Mr. Alexander Thoms, one of his earliest students, and one of his most trusted friends, that he might get it published. It was chiefly through the exertions of Mr.

Thoms, partly through his more substantial aid, that Dr. Heddle's invaluable collection of Scotch minerals, instead of being scattered, was secured for the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art. With a generosity rarely equalled by anyone who is himself a collector, Mr. Thoms has since presented Dr. Heddle's unique collection of agates and Scotch gems to the same National Museum. The cost of reproducing Dr. Heddle's drawings, filling about a hundred plates in the forthcoming work, has been almost entirely borne by Mr. Thoms and another of the author's old friends. The responsible duty of editing such a work has been wisely entrusted to Mr. J. G. Goodchild. The publisher is Mr. David Douglas.



From Photo by] [*J. Caswall Smith.*

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART.

Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne has, we understand, just returned from Tunis, and strangely enough it is only some two or three weeks since a brother author, Mr. R. S. Hichens, started for a tour in the same country. Mr. Hichens is likely to be away for some little time, and expects, before he returns, to have completed the manuscript of a new novel upon which he has been at work for some little time, and which will be published, as at present arranged, in the autumn.

Mr. Headon Hill, the author of "By a Hair's Breadth" and "Guilty Gold," who has for many years lived at Totland Bay, in the Isle of Wight, has, we hear, decided to reside in the future somewhat nearer London, and has now taken up his residence in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke. Mr. Headon Hill is at present writing a serial story which is to see the light first in the columns of *Pearson's Weekly*.

Sir Wemyss Reid's admirable "Life of Gladstone" is selling better than any biography which Messrs. Cassell and Co. have published for some time. The work is even more successful as a volume than in parts, which is saying a good deal.

Mr. Guy Boothby, whose serial, "A Maker of Nations," is now beginning in *Cassell's Magazine*, is to write a serial next year for the same publication Mr. Boothby, by the way, is such a great believer in the phonograph as an author's aid that he has recently been photographed with one at his elbow.

Mr. A. S. Boyd, the well-known artist and book illustrator, is expected to return home to England next month after his tour round the world. His work made a welcome re-appearance a week or two since in the pages of *Punch*.

The "Mr. Niggs" sketches which have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* are to be published in book form. The writer is Mr. Alexander Stuart, a Scotsman, who has been contributing to London magazines and newspapers for some few years past.

Mr. George Gissing having completed his new novel (with a cheerful end) has left Surrey for Switzerland, where he will stay for some time.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co. have just issued a new edition of Sir Frederick Pollock's masterly work on Spinoza. The book has long been recognised as the standard life, and many will welcome this handsome volume.

Recollection must have been stirred in several minds by reading of the sale at Sotheby's on April 20th of "a portion of the library of Mr. Sam Timmins, F.S.A." Mr. Timmins (who is "Samuel" only to over-scrupulous compositors or correspondents) has been obliged by failing health to resign most of his versatile activities. But all Shakespearean scholars, English and American, know the value of his work, and since Dugdale himself no one has earned a higher name as an historian of the Midland Counties. Always a bright gossipy writer, Mr. Timmins is at his best, however, over a quiet pipe; then one feels how truly he has "gained him the gains of various men, ransacked the ages, spoiled the chines." In his life all the interests and pleasures of research, travel, authorship, criticism, and municipal work have been blended. By occupation (to use the term conventionally) he was a maker of steel toys, and his firm was in existence when Burke spoke of Birmingham as "the toy-shop of Europe." But in or out of business Mr. Timmins had one of those minds which never rest. More than fifty years ago he performed "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" for himself after reading the poem

and committing it to memory. That was only one of his "original" strokes, for he is said to have been the first among his townsmen to outrage the fashions of an earlier day by growing a beard and appearing in a wide-awake. He still talks of a meeting with Wordsworth while tramping the Lake Country, and he has known many of the best minds of his generation. He has done a great deal of work in connection with the bibliography of Shakespeare, which is appreciated in the proper quarters. The editing of the "Devonshire Hamlets" is perhaps the best known amongst his publications of this nature.

From Photo by] MISS JANE H. FINDLATER. *[Elliott & Fry.*

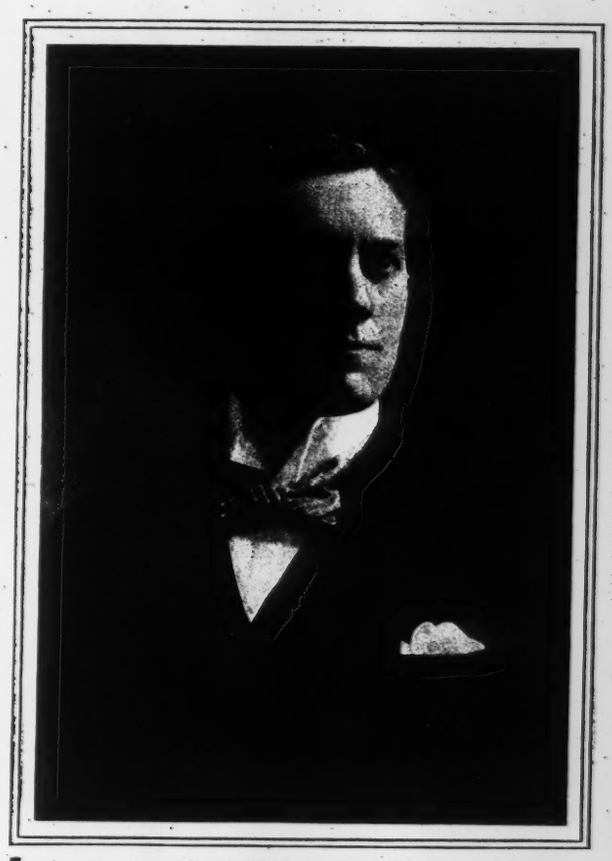
Until he settled down a few years ago to a rural life near Coventry, he was as well acquainted with the living modern stage as with the folios, and while he gives the palm to Robson among all actors within his memory, there is no great name of the period on whose reputation he is not able to comment from close and constant scrutiny. How many volumes of local history Mr. Timmins has produced we cannot say. It would be still harder to estimate the newspaper columns he has filled with dramatic criticism, descriptive writing and contributions of the "Notes and Queries" order. The fire which destroyed so much of the Reference Library twenty years ago nearly broke his heart, but he worked manfully for the restoration of the fine Shakespeare Library, and, while some things could never be replaced, he did accomplish all that was possible. Modest, interesting, and companionable as he has always been, there is no veteran of the book world who has done his part so steadfastly or with less fuss upon his own lines than Sam Timmins.

Our readers will be interested in a portrait of Miss Jane Findlater, whose clever novel "Rachel" was reviewed in last month's issue.

During the two-and-thirty years that have elapsed since the publication of "Balmerino and its Abbey," its genial and cultured author has been continually on the outlook for fresh matter bearing on the history of his beloved and beautiful parish on the southern bank of the Tay. In research Dr. Campbell has not confined himself to written and printed records, although he has done much in both. Heedless of expense, he has caused the spade to reveal the ground plan of the ruined church of the Abbey. The new edition of his book, now nearly all in type, will be practically a new work, and will take its place in the forefront of parish histories. The publishers are the Messrs. Blackwood.

Mr. T. Baron Russell, whose latest novel, "The Mandate," is reviewed in this issue, is a native of London, and was born in 1865 in Camberwell. His first book was the political annual, "Last Year," which was highly praised by the press, though commercially it was a failure. A later book on "Current Americanisms" attracted a good deal of notice and was made the subject of leading articles in several prominent daily papers. Until he set out for his journey round the world last year, Mr. Russell was editor and dramatic critic of *Moonshine*.

"A Guardian of the Poor," which appeared last year, owed its existence to the friendly encouragement of Mr. Henry Harland. Mr. Russell offered to Mr. Harland, as editor of the "Yellow Book," a story dealing with the "Borlase" environment. It was at once accepted, and Mr. Harland wrote to the author in the kindest terms, strongly advising him to write a book in the same vein.



From Photo by] MR. THOMAS BARON RUSSELL. *[Falk, Sydney.*

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 22ND, 1899.

The period in question has been a busier one than usual, although low values have done their work, and the return is somewhat disappointing. The country trade has been quiet, a fact which certainly cannot be attributed to fine weather. Continental and export business generally is still brisk, but here again cheap issues tell their own sad tale. The six-shilling novel is still as flourishing as ever, and shows no sign of decline. "A Double Thread," by E. T. Fowler, the author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," is the favourite of the hour. Many others are selling well, but not sufficiently so to need special mention here.

Great interest is still shown in Rudyard Kipling's writings, especially "The Day's Work." The works of Charles M. Sheldon are still going freely, but not to the extent referred to last month. It is possible, however, that the demand may continue for some time to come, as the style has taken a considerable hold upon the people of this country.

The recent outcry against Ritualism in the Church of England has led to the publication of a considerable number of books dealing with all sides of the question. The aggregate sales have been considerable.

The Cromwell Tercentenary has been heralded by the issue of several works on the Protector, and judging from their reception, there will be some very large sales.

The publication of sixpenny editions of copyright works continues, although signs are not wanting that the public appetite in this direction is nearly satisfied.

Books on Gardening are now much in demand. Sutton and Sons' Culture of Vegetables and Flowers is very popular.

Guide Books now come to the front and take their season. Murray, Baedeker, and Black still defy all comers.

There is a distinct revival in the demand for Dickens' works, and the Biographical edition of Thackeray's novels has been well received. Several works on "Robespierre" are being freely enquired for; another instance of the stage helping the bookseller.

The Magazine Department is still an important item of trade, but owing to the low prices of some of the more recent issues, the cost of labour in dealing with them is a very serious item. *Pearson's*, *Harmsworth's*, *Strand*, *Windsor*, *Royal*, and *Pall Mall* are among the leading ones, and the *Woman at Home* stands at the head of its class. The *Art Portfolio*, referred to last month, is making its way, and needs only to be seen to be bought. This is a hint for the retailer.

Appended is the usual list of the leading works, and it may be taken as an index to the popular literary mind of the moment.

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus. By A. C. Doyle. 6s. (Richards.)
The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan), and other works by the same author.
Son of Empire. By M. Roberts. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Well After All. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Cousin Ivo. By Mrs. A. Dean. 6s. (Black.)
The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Countess Tekla. By R. Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
Idols. By W. J. Locke. 6s. (Lane.)
Idylls of the Sea. By F. T. Bullen. 6s. (Richards.)
Aylwin. By T. W. Dunton. 6s. (Hurst.)
Scarlet City, etc. By Pot and Swears. 6s. (Sands.)
The Garden of Swords. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Swallow. By H. R. Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)
A Fair Fraud. By Miss A. L. Cameron. 6s. (Long.)
Letters of R. and E. B. Browning. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)
Charles M. Sheldon's Works. 1d. to 3s. 6d. (Various publishers.)
Round the World on a Wheel. By J. F. Fraser. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Temperance Problem and Social Reform. By J. Rowntree and A. Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder.)
Story of the Oxford Movement. By G. H. F. Nye. 3s. 6d. (Bemrose.)
Murder of Delicia. By M. Corelli. 2s. (Skeffington.)
The Etchingham Letters. By Maitland and Pollock. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Last Link. By E. Haeckel. 2s. 6d. (Black.)
Bishop Smythies' Life. By G. W. 4s. (Universities' Mission.)
Pharos the Egyptian. By G. Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. 2s. (Richards.)
The Ipané. By C. Graham. 2s. (Unwin.)
Gal's Gossip. By A. M. Binstead. 3s. 6d. (Sands.)
Sutton's Culture of Vegetables and Flowers. 5s. (Simpkin.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Mar. 25—A very fair week generally in home business. Colonial and foreign trade good.
April 1—A rather quiet week both in home and export departments.
„ 8—Trade was fairly good for a holiday week. Colonial and export business rather better.
„ 16—Town trade good, but country quiet. Export business satisfactory, except for low values.
„ 22—A somewhat slack week in all departments. Colonial and foreign about the same.

(2) SCOTLAND.

MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 20TH, 1899.

The past month can be reported as having proved one of the busiest throughout the whole year. A spring season for publishing seems now to be a well-established fact, and all the leading houses contributed largely to the volume of trade.

Of course the sixpenny editions of popular works bulked largely in the business done, and the remarkable demand for Sheldon's works continued unabated. The editions of Sheldon's books were very numerous, and the prices within the reach of all.

The most popular six-shilling novel was undoubtedly "A Double Thread," by Miss Fowler, which sold in hundreds and at the same time created a renewed demand for her previous successful volume, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." Other prominent six-shilling books were "A Duet," by Conan Doyle; "The Nameless Castle," by M. Jokai; "No. 5, John Street," by R. Whiteing; "Well, After All," by F. F. Moore; "The Black Douglas," by S. R. Crockett; and just as we prepare this report three works reach us well spoken of, "The Garden of Swords," by M. Pemberton; "The Fowler," by Beatrice Harraden, the gifted author of "Ships that Pass in the Night"; and "Idylls of the Sea," by the fascinating writer of "The Cruise of the Cachalot."

Two of the noteworthy features of the month's business were the sale of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" in Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series, and an increased demand for the humorous American work, "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War." Mr. Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas" moved off very well, and the six-

penny edition of "Departmental Ditties," issued by Newnes, proved the most successful of these cheap re-issues.

Two important theological works claimed attention, Professor Bruce's "Epistle to the Hebrews" and the "Unheeding God," by Rev. Thomas G. Selby, which, for a volume of sermons, early reached a second edition.

Activity was shown on all hands by the trade in securing orders for the second volume of Dr. Hastings' "Bible Dictionary," to be published within the next few days.

Heinemann's reprints at one shilling and sixpence took very well, especially "The Reds of the Midi," and at three shillings and sixpence the following novels appeared meeting with success: "Comrades of the Black Cross," by Hume Nisbet; "Michael Dred," by M. C. and R. Leighton; "La Strega," by Ouida; and "A Summer Jaunt," by J. Strange Winter.

The magazine trade was exceptionally brisk, and several of the more popular very early went out of print, which was occasioned through increased numbers of holiday-seekers at Eastertide.

The following is our usual list of best selling books, but we must not forget to mention the appearance within the last day or two of the sixpenny edition of "The Window in Thrums," and the very large number of orders booked for it:—

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
Well, After All. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. 2s. (Richards.)
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Idylls of the Sea. By F. T. Bullen. 6s. (Richards.)
Barrack Room Ballads. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Methuen.)
Seven Seas. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Unheeding God. By Rev. T. G. Selby. 6s. (Hodder.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
A Duet. By Conan Doyle. 6s. (Richards.)
The Nameless Castle. By M. Jokai. 6s. (Jarrold.)
Comrades of the Black Cross. By H. Nisbet. 3s. 6d. (White.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (Blackwood.)
The Garden of Swords. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
And the sixpenny editions of Departmental Ditties, by R. Kipling, and Window in Thrums, by J. M. Barrie.

THE READER.

BALZAC.

ON the 16th of May, Tours will be celebrating the fact that a great man was born there a hundred years ago. The town was not very proud of him while he lived, but it need not add the spur of remorse to its homage. No worse offender was it than other places where great men have been born without leave or due notice to the citizens. Besides, the great ones have oftener addressed themselves to mankind than to their fellow-townsmen. Tours has been arraigned for its want of interest in him. But Balzac loved his *pays*, and declared it was only stupid because it was happy. "Oh! si vous saviez ce que c'est que la Touraine! On y oublie tout. Je pardonne bien aux habitants d'être bêtes, ils sont si heureux! . . . La vertu, le bonheur, la vie, c'est six cents francs de rentes au bord de la Loire."

Homage will be paid him elsewhere. The best celebration of the centenary is to read him, and to speak frankly about him. What is Balzac to us? Neither an undiscovered nor an overthrown divinity. You can actually buy some of his books in the original in London, and that, since he is not a living, paragraphed, interviewed person, nor a purveyor of fiction for schoolboys, is great testimony to the reputation of a foreigner. A good and sightly edition has recently been issued by Messrs. Dent—one would fain hope in answer to the expression of a "felt want." For each volume of that edition, Professor Saintsbury wrote an interesting preface. His calm, dignified criticism never erred on the side of over-appreciation. But a man who has to write a preface for each volume of a series is handicapped in the path of candour. It is not seemly for him to introduce a book by the remark that it is insufferable. If you accuse him of such a secret opinion he may retort he has read it; but that is quibbling; for a serious, conscientious critic is not a normal human being at all. To normal persons with average patience and a due share of intelligence a good deal of Balzac is frankly unreadable. It is useless to apologise for him and say he was made for a more leisurely age; it is not length but tediousness a reader of spirit complains of. Learn from his habits of life, from his labour *acharné* and unrelaxed, the reason why. Maybe there is not one volume without its vital moments. But "Séraphita," and, I must confess it, most of the "Médecin de Compagne," I am deferring till an enforced sojourn in prison or on a desert island prepare my gratitude for these and some of the most respectable classics of the world.

Much of the detail concerning external matters is declared valueless as information. It is worse; it is wearisome, and obscuring to the narrative. His sister said she found "César Birotteau" in a lawyer's library. The lawyer consulted it on the question of bankruptcy. Well, Balzac did know law; he had absorbed it; and then "César Birotteau" is a great book. Balzac is not the awful warning one is always looking for against "getting up" subjects for use in fiction. There are pages of description and information in "La Recherche de l'Absolu" and "Illusions Perdues," to name two books at hazard, which are entirely delightful. He had bad habits, but they were not nearly so perilous as his bad moments, which he was very slow to recognise.

It is no unfriendly act to clear the way like this in preparation of a second or third reading of the "Comédie Humaine." Balzac has been infinitely written upon, but not over-valued, by the professional critics at least, who have too often gravely dissected and ponderously weighed what was obviously worthless, and whose disappointment has sometimes coloured their judgment of the remainder of his work.

It is not too much to say that Balzac changed the trend of French fiction. Some of his successors escaped his influence, but hardly the greatest. Nevertheless, he is not a model; he is an inspiration. Flaubert—whose artistic ideal was the poles apart—Zola, and the best of the naturalists, have aimed after some part of his endeavour rather than copied his method. They all had to find the courage and the skill to cultivate their own garden. To him they owe a vision of a great field, waste and slumbering, the field of actual human nature, without limitations of class or circumstance, a vast expanse for their art and imagination to work in. His share first ploughed it up, his labour made roads to it. Many have dug patches since then. He made some part of every furrow fruitful. There have been writers deluded enough to imitate that slow, patient, cumulative method of his, a method which had to be redeemed by his

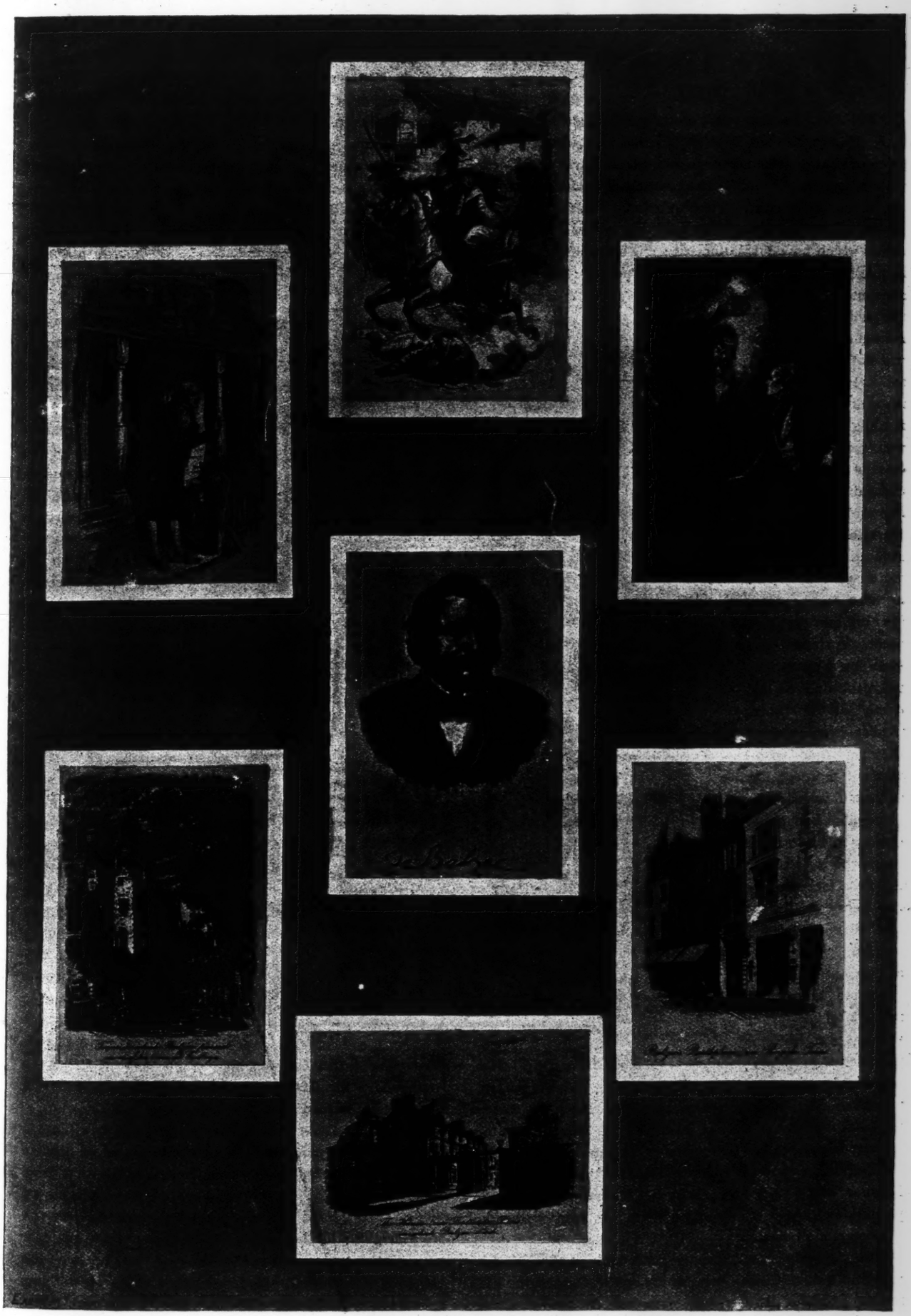
genius. If you would know how not to imitate him, read "Evelyn Innes." He is no master in the pedagogic sense. He is a school, in which you see human nature as the sole and most various study.

Of course, his nationality counts for a great deal in the kind and the amount of his achievement. He was much more of a Frenchman than Dickens was an Englishman. He was a Frenchman in his passion for completeness. He aspired to be the secretary of French society, and to give attention to every section of that complex body. With regret he left his great plan of the "Comédie Humaine" unfinished, just as Comte did his "Philosophie Positive." They were both mortal. That Scott, whom he admired enormously, had no system, was a grief to him. He was a Frenchman in his industry. In the things they have an aptitude for, and fiction happens to be one, it is hard to beat the men of his nationality in sheer hard work. For the piling up of material, or excessive care of workmanship, it is not easy to find parallels to Balzac, Flaubert, Hugo, and Zola. Our laborious writers are generally third-rate; and mere labour is no evidence of worth. In the De Goncourts, in Huysmans, in Balzac himself, it is often wearisome. Yet in matters of art we do shirk work and discipline, and that is the main reason why our average novel is infinitely below the average French novel in serious qualities. But it is as a supremely great moralist—I had better say humanist, to save confusion—that he best represents his nation. He is of the tribe to which belong Montaigne, Molière, La Bruyère, Pascal, Voltaire, Diderot—marvellously diverse in their ideals these, but all profound students and faithful recorders of man in his social state. In our own literature the tragedy and the beauty and the pathos of human fate are revealed in brighter flashes of poetry, with higher imagination, but with greater caprice. Our wisdom is instinctive; it is bold and timid by turns; uncertain. Theirs is founded on steady, fearless experience, and scientific observation. Before Balzac's day the classic temper had been modified, the horizons widened. For good and ill, he was a student of the mysticism of the North, and the "general man," whom English readers find sometimes a little tame, was not his only interest. If the study of the exceptional be romanticism, then Balzac was a romantic. It is not necessary that great novelists should be great thinkers. But Balzac undoubtedly was one. The thought and speculation in "Séraphita," which I cannot read, and in "Louis Lambert," may be open to criticism; and he held some foolish opinions. But where he set his faculties to the revelation of a human soul, he is an original thinker, unsurpassable in wisdom and sympathy. The soul may be the soul of a grocer. But when he opens it, it reveals deeps. Let not "sympathy" be misinterpreted. Hardly ever has he stepped from his height of impartiality—not even when he is love with his women. This impartiality is the last thing desired by an average reader, who wants to take sides, to show favour, longs for a river of sentiment to rush over what he would rather not see. That it is the first requisite of the painter of manners is a commonplace; but how many prove their possession of it? Certainly not all who paint a blacker world than Balzac did. You cannot in fairness mistake it for indifference. Brutal he often is, sometimes more brutal than, though not so superficially rough as Zola; but indifferent never, cynical never. This impartiality is the dramatist's gift. Balzac was an incomplete dramatist. Browning is our type of the imaginative writer, dramatic in spirit, who fails in the traditional form. Balzac had infinitely less talent than Browning for the externals of the drama, even for dramatic dialogue. But in the quality of giving human character impartial expression Balzac far surpassed him.

He made great claims for himself; had no doubt about his powers; admired much of his work that was not admirable. But he made greater claims for his art, and thereby he has done for his fellow-artists, in face of the world, a memorable service. He never affected to believe that his work was frivolous, or of little importance to mankind. The great literature—that which demands not only the experience of man, but his visionary power—is the serious literature. Only a few historians, and those men who have used imagination as well as research—and they are out of fashion to-day—can compare in seriousness with novelists of the first or second grade. Balzac knew this; said it; and said it with reference to his own creations, too. "The unknown struggle which goes on in a valley of the Indre between Mme. de Mortsauf and her passion, is perhaps as great as the most famous of battles. . . . The misfortunes of the two Birotteaus, the priest and the perfumer, to me are those of mankind. La Fosseuse and Mme. Graslin are almost the sum total of women." In an interesting article Mr. Henry James expressed the opinion that Balzac was no poet. Others have done the same. They cannot get over the fact that he was keenly interested in grocers and groceries, that he gloats over the sordid details of a sordid boarding-house, and over money-grubbing. All right for fiction, no doubt, such solicitude for the petty circumstance of the world. But the man could have been no poet. And so that great mind, brooding over the deep of the quivering, care-worn, distracted human heart, racked by sorrows into which enter so much of narrow ways, of petty struggles, and of bargaining, was it not the mind of a poet? The poet is he who sees behind veils, and lets us see, and touches our heart or our soul in the seeing. Let him do that, and his eyes may be directed to the sky or to the earth. There is something vitally wrong with the conception of poetry that excludes "Eugenie Grandet," "La Recherche de l'Absolu," "Le Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu," and "Père Goriot." Such of Balzac's personages as appeal to my sense of reality—and the list is long—never appear to me as a gallery of portraits worth examining. They are a world of quick people. If the men and women of our daily intercourse were as real as Cousin Pons, Cousine Bette, Ursule Mirouet, David Séchard, Eugenie Grandet, Goriot and his daughters, Rastignac, and how many others, life would be unbearably intense.

One thinks of Balzac as a force rather than a personality. There is little obscurity about his history. Yet what manner of man was he? Read through all his work and his correspondence, and you are at a loss for words to sum him up. You will find him arrogant, exacting, affectionate; now aloof, now immersed in the actual; luxurious, indomitable, making and accepting endless sacrifices for his art. Criticism and biography bungle over him. Sculpture has stepped in. Rodin's statue may be like or unlike the body of the man. But it gives shape to his brooding, haggard genius.

A. MACDONELL.



SOME BALZAC PICTURES.

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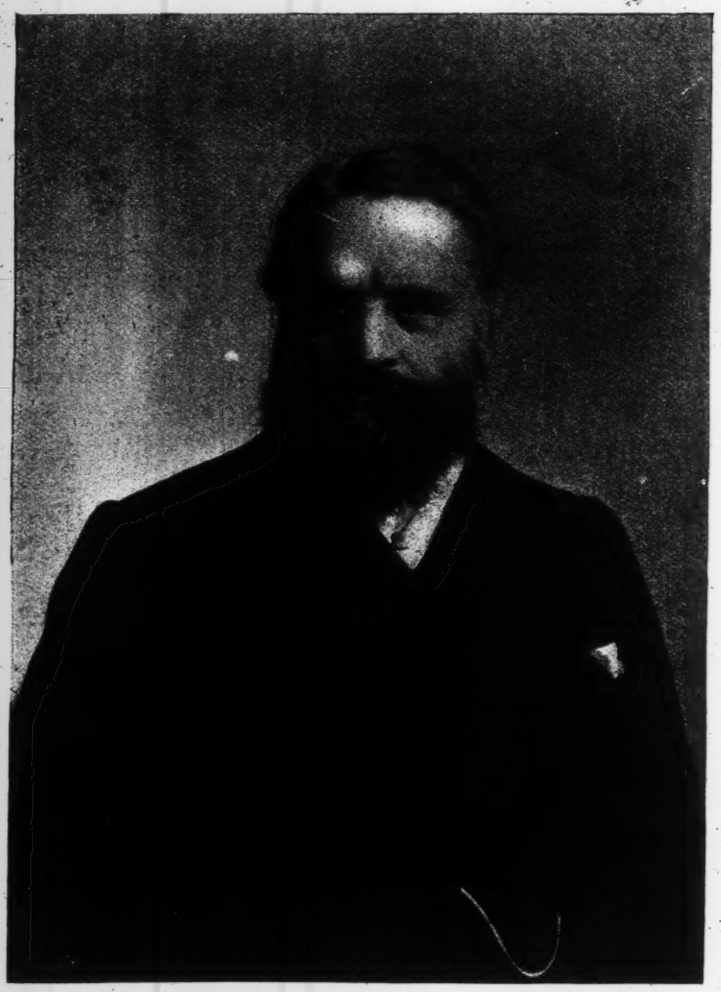
AN INTERVIEW WITH SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.

SPECIAL interest attaches to the firm of which Sir George Newnes is head, it being the pioneer of the three or four publishing concerns which have developed with astonishing rapidity along certain lines and attained enormous dimensions. To him belongs the distinction of having initiated a form of literature and a method of publication which have revolutionised some branches of the publishing business. He was the first to perceive and turn to account the fact that the public had a strong mental appetite which was not being catered for. He formed an idea of the kind of reading that would be welcomed by the large class of people whose eyes and understanding were being opened by the operation of the Education Act of 1870, and provided it. So keen and true was his insight that his great business has been built up strictly upon the lines he laid down at the start. Whilst competitors have indulged in all sorts of more or less successful vagaries, Sir George has kept pretty closely to his original ideas, the last issue of *Tit-Bits*, for instance, not being essentially dissimilar to the first number. When, as a young man, he projected an entirely new kind of penny weekly, he had no precedents to guide him and no models to copy. His remarkable success is due entirely to his own originality, resourcefulness, and perseverance. Throughout his strenuous business career, he has preserved the happy knack of making friends, rather than enemies, and to-day there is no kindlier, more popular man in London than Sir George Newnes, whilst Lady Newnes, by her natural gifts, her hospitality, and her philanthropic activity, has won the hearts of people of all classes.



From Photo by] SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART. *[Walery, Regent Street.*

The impression that, having thoroughly established his manifold business, Sir George, at the age of forty-eight, was resting from his labours, was corrected by two or three visits to the handsome and highly equipped pile of buildings in Southampton Street, Strand, which were built for the firm at a large cost, some seven or eight years ago. His usual practice is to spend nearly the whole of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at his office, and on the intervening days he is more or less busy at his beautiful home, Wildcroft, Putney Heath, with his private secretary, Mr. W. Plank, who has held that important position for some eleven years, and, may one add who has reason to say it, is the most courteous, patient, and imperturbable of secretaries. A considerable part of the time Sir George spends at Southampton Street is occupied by interviews with the officials of the Company and heads of departments, who render an account of their stewardship, submit their plans and suggestions, and receive the Managing Director's decision on all important points; the extraneous journalist, to whom has been granted the exceptional favour of an interview, gratefully seizing the odd moments between their going and coming for conversation with Sir George, to the accompaniment of the ceaseless throb of the wonderful machinery printing *Tit-Bits* at the rate of 24,000 copies per hour.

Born on the 13th of March, 1851, Sir George is the son of the Rev. Thomas Mold Newnes, who at that time was minister of Glenorchy Congregational Chapel, Matlock Bath. After a ministry extending over nearly half a century, in the course of which he preached more than once in every county in England, he died at the age of seventy-six. "As a youth," says Sir George, reminiscently, "I regarded him as the best informed man in the world.

"I left school just before I was sixteen, and went into a firm in the City almost within a stone-throw of it. Before I was eighteen I had charge of a department, with a large number of people under me, albeit I was receiving no salary. But the old apprenticeship days were not over, and my dear old father had articled me for five years on these very disadvantageous terms. Knowing that I had to do the work of a salaried man, I resented working for nothing. I went to my employers, and said that unless they would pay me as they had paid a man before I should leave. I was told they would not allow me to leave. Then I said, 'You will find one of these days that I have left, and you won't

know where I have gone.' You may smile—I admit the impudence of it all; my action, however, was not quite so lawless as it seems, for I had taken the precaution to make inquiries, and had satisfied myself that my em-

LADY NEWNES.
From Photo by Kate Pragnell.

ployers could not really compel me to stay on. They were not long in coming to terms with me."

After a time the pushful, ambitious young man went down to Lancashire to open a branch of the business there. He settled in Manchester, and at the age of twenty-four (1875) married Miss Priscilla Hillyard (the present Lady Newnes), daughter of the Rev. J. Hillyard, Leicester, a Congregational minister, who had died two years previously. "One night in 1880, when I was sitting at home reading the *Manchester Evening News*, I came across a story or some interesting account which very much pleased me. I read it to my wife and said, 'There, that's what I call a real "tit-bit." This paper, but for it, is to-day decidedly dull, because there is absolutely no news to put in it. Now, why cannot a paper be brought out containing nothing but "tit-bits" similar to this?'"

Up to this time Mr. Newnes had exercised his pen in one direction and another, but had not been paid for any journalistic work. Once having conceived the idea of a tit-bits paper, he did not let it go; he turned it over and over in his mind (a habit Sir George retains to this day), and gave his leisure to the close study of periodicals then being issued. About a year afterwards, on October 22nd, 1881, appeared the first number of *Tit-Bits*. On the day of publication, a Saturday, in Manchester alone newsboys sold in two hours some 5,000 copies. Speaking of these early days, Sir George Newnes said:

"I am afraid what I am saying sounds rather boastful, and there is nothing that I hate more than that, but as long as you are interviewing me and carrying me back in my memory nearly twenty years, I may tell you that in the long ago thirty years past, I forecast in my rambles abroad or my dreams or in building my castles in the air, just what has taken place; and as you send my mind back to that period I vividly recall all the pleasures of hope and confident anticipation. Success came very quickly, but in fairness to this young man of thirty years of age I am bound to say that I remember distinctly that he worked hard—very hard. But there again is another piece of boasting!

"*Tit-Bits* had no great amount of capital expended on it. It was an inspiration, it was new, people had not seen anything quite like it before, and it caught the public fancy on the instant. But it was well nurtured and cared for, and new ideas were brought into it, which, though not really costly, attracted public attention. Those methods and ideas have been copied over and over again since, and I believe I could name with very little trouble nearly fifty imitations——"

"Nearly all of which came to grief?"

"Yes, but happily the pioneer still holds its own (more boasting!). And out of this small beginning has grown an enormous business quite independent of it."

It was not until *Tit-Bits* had been established over eight years that Sir George Newnes made a second journalistic venture. This was the *Review of Reviews*, which was suggested by Mr. W. T. Stead, who subsequently took it over entirely. Mr. Stead wanted to call it *The Sixpenny Monthly: A Review of Reviews*, but Sir George felt strongly that the titles should be reversed, and this was done at the very last minute.

A year later (January, 1891) appeared *The Strand Magazine*, embodying Sir George's long-cherished notion of a magazine with a picture on every page. "The story of the *Strand*," said Sir George, "has been told by myself in the April issue, which is the hundredth number, so there is no need to repeat it here. What *Tit-Bits* had been in penny journalism the *Strand* became in sixpenny—the leader of a new fashion. They have both apparently brought about a small revolution in their respective fields, and I do not think any of your readers, in what must necessarily be a somewhat egostistical record, will grudge me the pleasure I have in knowing that this is recognised."

It may be interesting to give a chronological list of the periodicals now being issued by Messrs. Newnes, Limited,

MR. FRANK NEWNES.

with the date of first number and the present acting editors' names:—

Tit-Bits	1d. weekly ..	1881, October 22nd.
P. Galloway Fraser.		
Strand Magazine ..	6d. monthly..	1891, January.
H. Greenhough Smith, W. H. J. Boot (art).		
Woman's Life	1d. weekly ..	1895, December 14th.
P. Galloway Fraser.		
Navy & Army Illustrated	6d. weekly ..	1895, December 20th.
Commander Robinson.		

Penny Library of Famous Books	1d. weekly ..	1896, January 18th.
The Hub .. .. C. L. Freeston.	1d. weekly ..	1896, August 8th.
Country Life	6d. weekly ..	1897, January 9th.
Ladies' Field .. .. Mrs. Macdonald.	6d. weekly ..	1898, March 19th.
Wide World Magazine W. Fitzgerald.	6d. monthly..	1898, April.
Home Magazine .. George Clarke and Frank Newnes.	1d. weekly ..	1898, April 23rd.
Racing Pigeon.. ..	1d. weekly ..	1898, April 23rd.
Fashions and Fancies..	3d. monthly..	1898, May.
The Captain .. .. R. S. Warren Bell.	6d. monthly..	1899, April.

Mr. Frank Newnes (who is Sir George's only surviving child, and consequently heir to the baronetcy) is taking an

MR. C. HARRISON.

important place in the business, giving special attention just now, in conjunction with Mr. George Clarke, the evangelist, to the *Home Magazine*.

He is twenty-three, and was educated at Cambridge. The head of the publishing department is Mr. C. Harrison, who has been with Sir George Newnes nearly ten years. A man of large experience, he is as shrewd as he is courteous. As a boy he was for five years employed by Messrs. Cassell, and then followed fourteen years with Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. Full of enterprise, initiative, and ideas, to Mr. Harrison, as Sir George cordially acknowledges, is due in a large measure the growing success of the book-publishing side of the business. Mr. Frank Mundell is the Educational Editor, and Mr. Thomas Page is at the head of the book-producing department.

The circulation of *Tit-Bits* has long exceeded half a million, and that being the most profitable output, Sir George is not anxious to increase it. The *Strand Magazine* also has a circulation of over half a million—between 300,000 and 350,000 in this country and nearly 200,000 in America. The circulation of the *Wide World Magazine* is about 200,000 in this country and nearly 100,000 in America. The Rougemont boom greatly increased the circulation, and the tendency is still upward: "The *Wide World* being a 'good thing,' it just needed a sensation to call attention to it. We confidently anticipate a further rise from 'In the Khalifa's Clutches,' Mr. Charles Neufeld's account of his twelve years' captivity in chains in Omdurman, which commences in the June number." Messrs. Newnes' latest periodical, the *Captain*, has begun well, nearly 100,000 copies of the first number having gone off. The total circulation of the firm's weekly and monthly periodicals is 1,750,000 per issue. Of the seven Penny Monster Books (tables, cookery, health, recitations, almanack, fairy tales, and gardening) 1,550,000 copies have been sold. The firm are well satisfied with their experiment of publishing in cheap parts expensive works, like Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun," the Citizen's Atlas, the Royal Atlas, etc. An important new work in preparation is the International Geography, which is to give a concise and authoritative account of geographical knowledge at the close of the century, the contributors being geographical experts of all nationalities. The Library of Useful Stories—twenty-one popular scientific shilling books—and the sixpenny novels have all sold well.

"In fact," said Sir George Newnes, "we are going in largely for book-publishing, with regard to which I have some original ideas, but this interview is already quite long enough, and I must save these for another." Dropping into a merry vein, he added: "I would just like to whisper that before very long I am going to publish some fiction of my own. I think it will be worth reading, but I suppose there is no one who ever published any who did not think the same, so that opinion amounts to nothing—except perhaps (another whisper!) that through sheer necessity I have become acquainted with what the public like, and I have always had an idea that I could give it to them if business had not so constantly crowded itself around me. But one of these days I shall go on a yachting trip, and write stories that will make your hair curl, and probably cause you to writhe in agony over poor jests and impossible characters. But I shall have the confidence and satisfaction of knowing that I shall be so far away when you read them that I shall be beyond all possibility of physical injury from you. Please accept apologies for finishing with a threat!" And with that Sir George buttoned his coat and walked off to his club.

Albert Dawson.

SETTLING THE DETRIMENTAL.

A Few Suggestions.

No. 1.

THE young couple stepped across the plank that connected the *Louise Dagmar* with the shore, and passed along a roped-off gangway to the Customs House. Barkins, the new valet, with precise side whiskers, followed, bearing the rugs and a portmanteau. Reginald looked around at the crowd fringing the ropes; he noticed with pride the attention that his handsome young bride excited amongst one and all.

"Dear old Folkestone!" she said happily. "How good it is to be back in England again! Boulogne is all very well, but give me——"

"The sky has suddenly become clouded," remarked her husband anxiously; "what can this portend?"

"Tush!" she exclaimed lightly, "one should not be affected by such trifles, dearest. Who is the woman at the doorway?"

Reginald gave a cry of pain.

"Heavens!" he cried, "it is Adèle."

"Adèle who?" she demanded sharply.

They were nearing the door of the Customs House. He stumbled on blindly.

"My first wife," he moaned, "whom I believed to be no more! Dear one, leave me. I must see the woman alone. Leave me for a space and ——"

"No fear!" she said with determination. "My place, Reginald, is at your side."

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently, "but so is hers."

"Take no notice," commanded the young bride. "Walk right past."

Reginald lowered his eyes and obeyed. Adèle made no sign of recognition, but drew back to allow them to go through. In the Customs House some difficulty occurred over a bottle of eau de Cologne which the new Mrs. Merryweather, girl-like, tried to smuggle, and this detained them for a while. When they reached the platform the train was ready to start.

"'Ere's an empty, sir," said the guard. "Thank you, sir. Quite right for Charing Cross. I'll lock the door, sir, so as you won't be ——"

"Guard," said a commanding voice with a foreign accent, "o-pen that door!"

"Pardon, miss, but I can easy find you another."

"O-pen that door!" she repeated firmly.

"Jump in then," said the guard with reluctance. "Two's company; three's a crowd."

"Is the luggage in, Barkins?" asked the new bride, putting her head out of the window as the train started. Barkins, from the adjoining second-class compartment, said respectfully that the luggage was in, and would his mistress mind telling the lady who had just stepped into her compartment that ——

"You must be your own messenger," she said coldly.

"Very good, ma'am," said the new valet.

Adèle and Reginald were already engaged in conversation. The French woman sneered (as French women will), and eyed Reginald Merryweather with something of contempt. Of the new bride she took no notice. The train reversed at Folkestone Junction and started in the direction of London.

"How do I care," said Adèle, "what the newspapers did say? Do you not know, my dear husband, that when a steamer sinks and all on board are reported drowned, that one inconvenient person is always saved. I"—she pointed to herself and laughed ironically—"I being an inconvenient person was the only person rescued. You thought, when you gave me a thousand pounds and persuaded me to go abroad, that you were rid of me."

"On my honour," he cried distractedly, "it was not until the news of your death came——"

"No matter!" she said. "I come back now to take my right position once more. I, *I* am your wife, and nobody else. *Evitez les contrefaçons.* When you ask for Mrs. Merryweather see that you get it."

The new bride in the corner groaned.

"Adèle, spare me! For the first time in my life I have been really happy. When I married you I was a mere lad."

"Nevertheless," she said, gaily, "you made me your wife. See, here is the ring. And, my dear husband——"

"Adèle!"

"Will you request the young woman huddled up in the corner of the carriage not to moan and weep. It disturbs me because I am so content."

"Adèle, you are a scorpion."

"My dear husband, it is so sweet to hear you calling me again pet names."

He leaned over and touched the hand of his weeping companion but she withdrew it hurriedly and buried her face in her handkerchief. Reginald looked grimly out at the threatening sky as the train slackened its speed. A signal was against it at Sandling Junction and it came to a dead halt.

"Beg pardon, sir!"

"Is that you, Barkins?" he said dreamily.

"Mind me opening the door, sir?" requested the new valet. "There's a lady in your compartment I used to know."

"Ciel!" screamed Adèle. "C'est Robert!"

"Robert Barkins it is," said the new valet. "And very pleased to meet you again Mrs. Robert Barkins that I married five year ago, come Lord Mayor's day, when I was in Grosvenor Gardens, and haven't seen since."

"Five years!" cried Reginald. "Why then she is not legally my——"

"Silence!" commanded Adèle. "Not a word. Robert, I go with you."

"You'd better," said Mr. Barkins. "Strikes me you want a bit of looking after."

The train restarted. A sudden break in the clouds and the sunshine came brightly through the trees. Reginald put his hand to the window blind.

"Nay, dear one," said the young bride gently, "let the sunshine come to us, for indeed it speaks of the happiness that has entered into our life."

No. 2.

"Fer goodness sake," begged the stable boy nervously as they crept across the yard, "stop that 'acking cough of yours."

"It's all right now," whispered Captain Venham, gasping. "It only catches me now and then."

"Wonder you don't carry some—mind this pail, sir—carry some lozengers with you."

"I do," said the Captain, "in my waistcoat pocket."

"Where are the pills that you're going to give Lightfoot?"

"They are in my waistcoat pocket too. How much further is it? The night's cursed dark."

"Well," grumbled the stable boy, "that ain't my fault. Besides, we're on a dark job, and we want it kept dark." The lad sighed. "Poor young mistress 'll be rare upset when she hears of poor Lightfoot. She'd set her mind on him winning the great race to-morrow. Do you know her at all, sir?"

"I knew her years since," hissed Captain Venham. "Curse her! she refused me."

"I don't blame her," said the stable boy. "Step over this board and wait in the shadow till you see me open the back window of the stable. Give me the notes."

Captain Venham turned up the collar of his overcoat, and then taking from his pocket a leather case, counted out the notes.

"Fearful draught!" he said, as one note fluttered to the ground.

"Fearful clumsiness!" said the stable boy.

"Catches me right in the throat."

"It ain't for me to preach," muttered the stable boy, pocketing the notes carefully, "but that's just where you ought to be ketched."

The lad crept along to the stable door and with the stolen key unlocked it. Captain Venham, crouching to evade the bitter wind, chuckled as he thought of the excitement of the morrow; her keen disappointment, the headlines in *The Sportsman*, the stir in the betting clubs. He laughed, and the laugh brought on his cough again. Presently he heard a soft whistle.

"Come on!"

Captain Venham stepped across, keeping silence with difficulty. He was almost choking.

"Stop that row," whispered the stable boy; "put one of your lozengers in your bloomin' mouth."

"Good idea!"

He unbuttoned his overcoat hastily and took a small box from his waistcoat pocket. Something dissolved quickly in his mouth, leaving a burning sensation. He handed another box up to the stable lad.

"'Ere!" said the lad. "None of your 'alf larks. Smith's Bronchial Troches are no use to settle a 'orse with."

"Great Heavens!" screamed the Captain.

And fell to the ground in agony.

No. 3.

But the documents were still in his possession. Smiling as usual, he puffed calmly at his cigarette and affected to be much amused at a copy of *Punch*, which he held carelessly in his hand. Now and again he glanced out of the window at St. James's Street, and beamed on the hansom cab horses which were stumbling and sliding down towards Pall Mall. The snow fell steadily in large flakes.

"Lady to see you, sir!"

"What name?"

"Lady Nonpareil, sir."

"Good," he said, throwing away his cigarette. "Show her in."

A figure heavily veiled entered, and he went forward.

"Stay," she said in low tones, "Stay where you are. Don't dare to touch my hand."

"So, so," he laughed lightly. "We meet as enemies then, Lady Nonpareil."

"Yes," she said hoarsely, "as enemies."

"It is a matter for regret. Won't you be seated?"

"Give me those letters at once please and let me go."

"Come!" he said cheerfully. "Important business is not to be dealt with in this off-hand manner. Won't you let me offer you a glass of——"

"Let me see those letters," she said; "where are they?"

"Impatience is the leading vice of the age," he said coolly. He took from a desk a sealed packet. "Here are the notes, the sweet notes, Lady Nonpareil that you were good enough to send me. You are at liberty to read them."

She advanced and taking the packet tore open the cover. As she scanned them by the light of the rose-shaded lamp, he went stealthily to the door and stood there with his back to it.

"There is nothing very compromising in these."

"You thought so, Lady Nonpareil. You were an impetuous writer in those——" He started. "What are you doing?" he screamed. "How dare you throw them in the fire?"

"I am just the person who should destroy them. Now let me pass."

"Lady Nonpareil," he said, recovering his composure, "no doubt you think you have done a very clever thing by destroying those documents. Let me point out that you are not yet—may I use a metaphor?—out of the wood."

"Explain yourself!" she said anxiously.

"You mentioned just now the word compromise. You forget that it is a word that will be used in regard to this visit to my rooms."

"Would you dare——"

"As soon as you are gone," he snarled, deliberately pressing the bell, "I shall take means to let Lord Nonpareil know." He turned to the servant. "Show Lady Nonpareil downstairs."

There was a pause. The clock on the mantelpiece went on ticking as though nothing had happened.

"Do you know," said the veiled figure, unpinning the thick veil with some trouble, "I think I can save you a lot of bother in that respect. In point of fact, I *am* Lord Nonpareil!" The young peer removed his hat and fair wig and slipped out of a long cloak. "And I say! Have you such a thing as a match about you? I'm simply gaspin' for a smoke."

W. PETT RIDGE.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. W. N. Platt, for about six years a member of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* staff, has been appointed assistant editor of the *Yorkshire Herald*, York.

Mr. Alfred H. Fletcher, editor and literary manager of the *North Star*, Darlington, has resigned that position on his appointment as managing editor of the *Yorkshire Herald*, York. Mr. Fletcher was for several years on the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

The annual meeting of the Gallery Lawn Tennis Club was held in Fleet Street on Saturday, the 8th ult. The secretaries, Mr. J. H. Heron (*Daily Chronicle*) and Mr. T. J. Melville, presented a highly satisfactory report, and Mr. J. C. Duckworth, the treasurer, submitted a statement of accounts which showed that the funds of the club had never been in a more flourishing state. The membership of the club had been well maintained during the last season. Lord Glenesk was elected president, Mr. Melville, chairman of committees (in succession to Mr. J. C. Duckworth, who held the position for fifteen years), Mr. Heron, secretary; and Mr. A. Watson, Mr. Lincoln Springfield, Mr. Rockett, Mr. F. Waller, Mrs. J. C. Duckworth, Mrs. Waller, Mrs. Melville, and Miss Postlethwaite, members of the Executive Committee.

Mr. Atkinson has left the sub-editor's room of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* to take up a journalistic appointment at Singapore.

The quarterly meeting of the Liverpool district of the Institute of Journalists took place in the Mayor's parlour at the Town Hall, Warrington, on Saturday afternoon, April 15th. Mr. J. H. Isberwood, chairman of the sub-district, presided. After the business had been disposed of, the visitors were entertained to tea by the Warrington sub-district in the "Old Academy," Bridge Street, an institution to which attached literary associations of the deepest interest. Councillor A. Bennett, who presided, gave a brief narrative of the Old Academy's inception, work and worthies. The institution was opened in 1757 for the education of young men of every religious denomination for the Christian ministry or for lay pursuits. Its roll of tutors included men of such eminence as Dr. J. Aikin, Dr. J. Taylor, Rev. Gilbert Wakefield, and Dr. J. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen. Closely associated with the Academy was William Eyres, the Warrington printer. Among the many books which Eyres produced were Dr. Forster's "Travels," Mrs. Barbauld's "Poems," Priestley's "English Grammar" and "History of Electricity," Walker's "Doctrine of the Sphere," and, most important of all, John Howard's "State of Prisons," a book of the nature of a report upon the philanthropist's investigations into prison life, and the book which led to the reforms in prison management being carried out. Among copies of Eyres' books which are preserved at the Old Academy is a copy of Howard's "State of Prisons." This, and other of the books, were inspected with great interest by the journalists on their visit. The Old Academy was recently saved from demolition by the action of a few public-spirited men of Warrington, and has been converted into a literary club. In the cosy and wainscotted smoke-room of the Academy, the journalists heard pleasant stories of the place from the lips of Councillor Bennett and Mr. H. Stuart Page, who has written an account of "The Work of William Eyres, the famous Warrington Printer."

In view of the proposed enlargement of the Birmingham Liberal evening paper, the *Daily Argus*, new machinery is being laid down which will enable a four-paged paper to be turned out. The change will be made about the end of July. A private wire from London is also being arranged for.

Under the title of the *Birmingham Sunday Mail*, a special issue of the *Birmingham Daily Mail* took place simultaneously with the appearance of the Sunday edition of the London *Daily Mail*. It has been officially explained that the *Birmingham Mail* is not coming out regularly on seven days a week, but that an occasional publication will be made to keep alive the copyright in the title established at the time of the Soudan campaign last year.

A series of articles on "Birmingham Life Sixty Years Ago" is being contributed to the *Birmingham Weekly Post* by Mr. J. Thackray Bunce.

Another journalist has been added to the London School Board by the election of Mr. A. J. Mundella to succeed Earl Beauchamp as the representative of the Finsbury Division.

Mr. W. J. Foss, chief reporter on the *Southport Visiter*, has just left the town to join the staff of the *Manchester Courier*. With his departure the last member of the staff engaged during the time of Mr. William Scott, who held the post of editor for twelve years, disappears, and the changes have been so numerous that it is worth while enumerating them. In September, 1897, Mr. R. Lewis James, editor of the *Accrington Gazette*, was appointed editor of the *Southport Visiter*, Mr. Scott being retired, but retained for special articles, dramatic and musical criticisms. Mr. W. R. Merriman, chief reporter, left soon afterwards, going to the *Liverpool Mercury*, which he represents at Birkenhead; Mr. D. Archer, Formby, was the next, and he also joined the *Mercury* at Bootle; Mr. J. Appleton, Ormskirk, joined the *Liverpool Courier* as Ormskirk representative; Mr. C. Davis became the representative of the *Liverpool Courier* at Southport; Mr. W. J. Smith, of the *Waterloo Herald*, an offshoot of the *Visiter*, joined the London staff of the Central News Agency; Mr. J. P. K. Watson followed Mr. Smith at Waterloo; Mr. E. O'Brien, for five years sub-editor of the *Visiter*, after a breakdown in health, also resigned and assumed editorship of the *Waterloo Herald*, and also represents the *Liverpool Mercury* at Southport; Mr. H. R. Westwood was the next, and he joined the Paris Express News Bureau at Paris; Mr. L. Argent, Liverpool, and Mr. T. Lloyd Evans, Warwick, both resigned after a short connection with the paper, and lastly Mr. Foss left, making the change complete.

Mr. Brodie Fraser, of the *Aberdeen Evening Express*, has been appointed by Messrs. G. Toulmin and Sons, editor of the *Lancashire Daily Post*, Preston, in succession to Mr. T. Meech, who has now taken up his duties as editor of the new London paper, the *Morning Herald*. Before leaving Preston Mr. Meech was the recipient of an enlarged framed portrait of himself from the sub-editors, and a handsome case of pipes from the reporting staff.

Mr. Hibbert Weir, who, as announced in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN, joined the staff of the *Preston Herald*, has since severed his connection with that journal, and the vacancy has been filled by Mr. G. H. Grundy, of the *Ipswich Journal*, Ipswich.

Mr. John E. Parker, who is well known among Yorkshire golfers for his golf note writings under the pseudonym of "Taxameter," was presented on April 8th by the members of the Shipley Golf Club with a handsomely fitted oak writing cabinet, as a mark of esteem on the occasion of his recent marriage. Mr. Parker was the originator of the club named, and has been honorary secretary from its commencement in November, 1896. This year he holds the office of Captain. He was also presented by the literary staff of the *Bradford Observer* with a valuable marble clock.

The annual meeting of the Bristol district of the Institute of Journalists was held under the presidency of Mr. H. Harmer. The report presented by the hon. secretary (Mr. J. P. Tay) showed a membership of 130, being much about the same as in late years. The hon. treasurer (Mr. H. E. Roslyn) submitted the accounts, which disclosed a balance in hand of £14. The hon. secretary of the Orphan Fund Committee (Mr. H. M. Arrowsmith) presented a report, which recorded receipts amounting to £32. The reports were adopted, and a grant of £5 was made to the Orphan Fund from the district accounts. Mr. Roslyn was elected president and treasurer; Mr. Tay and the chairman of each sub-district were appointed vice-presidents; Mr. Harmer undertook the secretarial duties; Mr. Fern was again chosen auditor, and Messrs. W. E. Hicks and C. Wells were elected representatives of the district on the council of the Institute.

The eleventh annual dinner of the Essex Newspaper Press Fund was held at the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street, E.C., on Saturday, April 22nd. Mr. T. Courtenay-Warner, M.P., the newly-elected president for the year, was in the chair, and a company fully representative of the county was present, including the Mayors of Colchester and Chelmsford, the latter of whom (Mr. G. W. Taylor) is one of the proprietors of the *Essex Weekly News*. The function from all points of view was a success; £120 were added to the funds, which now amount to over £820. "The Press" was proposed by Mr. W. Shurmur, and responded to by Mr. J. O. Thompson (of the *Essex County Chronicle*) and Mr. Fred George, a Stratford solicitor, with an American Press experience. Mr. H. C. Gardiner, the hon. sec., replied to the toast of the evening proposed by the chairman.

The annual meeting of the Bristol and West of England

Newspaper Press Fund was held last month. The chair was occupied by the president, Mr. Walter Hawkins. The report, which was presented by the honorary secretary, Mr William Lyons, stated that during the year there had been a considerable accession to the roll of membership, while one member had retired under the age qualification. The report drew attention to the fact that the amount received by way of donations was less than it had been for many years, several of the old subscribers having died, while fresh ones had not been forthcoming in their places. Mr. Walter Hawkins was unanimously re-elected president for the ensuing year, and Messrs. H. Harman and T. Watkins were re-elected vice-presidents. Mr. Walter Hawkins was also re-elected treasurer, and Mr. William Lyons was re-elected hon. sec. The following retiring members of the committee were re-elected: - Messrs. J. Crosby, J. P. Perry and C. Wells. Mr. W. F. Gardiner, of the Devon and Cornwall Branch, was elected on the committee in the place of Mr. W. E. Thomas, and Mr. R. J. Sellick was re-elected auditor.

After many vicissitudes the *Lancashire Evening Express*, the leading exponent of Conservatism in North and East Lancashire, has ceased to exist. The journal was established at Blackburn about twelve years ago by Mr. George Whiteley, M.P. for Stockport, and Sir William Coddington and Sir Harry Hornby, the members for Blackburn, and of late it has been in the hands of Mr. Yerburgh, M.P. for Chester On Thursday last the *Express* announced that from then it would cease publication.

Mr. R. H. Clulow, St. Helens representative of the *Liverpool Courier and Express*, and for many years previously on the local papers, died on the 19th ult, at the age of thirty-six. He had been in poor health for a long time.

Mr. Thomas Clayton, an old and respected journalist of Ormskirk, near Liverpool, died on Tuesday morning, April 19, in his fifty-first year. At the age of eleven, Mr. Clayton entered the office of the *Ormskirk Advertiser* as errand boy, and worked his way through the case-room to the reporting staff of the paper. His career has been unique, as he remained on the staff of the *Ormskirk Advertiser* up to the tims of his death, serving the paper uninterruptedly as boy and man for forty years. For many years he was choirmaster of Ormskirk Congregational Church. He leaves a widow and four children.

Mr. F. C. Kent, who has just completed a five years' apprenticeship as reporter on the staff of the *Cambridge Independent Press*, has been appointed to the *Dartford Express*.

The Manchester and Liverpool Press Clubs met on Saturday, April 8th, at the rooms of the latter, in a friendly contest at billiards and whist. The result was a drawn battle so far as actual games went, but Manchester won the day on the average of points. The contestants and friends dined together at the Rooms of the Municipal Club, Mr. J. Mason, president of the Liverpool Club, in the chair, when the usual cordial sentiments were exchanged.

The Liverpool District of the Institute of Journalists is now busily engaged in making preparations for the annual conference, which takes place at the end of August. There are already indications that the conference week will be well occupied with engagements of the usual character—a reasonable mingling of business and pleasure.

SCOTLAND.

At the annual meeting of the Glasgow and West of Scotland District of the Journalists' Institute held last month Mr. David Mitchell, *N.B. Daily Mail* was elected chairman for the ensuing year, and Mr. W. Cowan, *Scotsman*, honorary secretary.

The journalists of Glasgow have every prospect of at last establishing a Press Club in that city.

Mr. Thomas Bain, who has been on the Edinburgh staff of the *Daily Record* for two years, has been appointed the London correspondent of that paper. His place on the *Record* is taken by Mr. John S. Macgregor, of the *Edinburgh Evening News*. Mr. A. D. Macura has been appointed to the reporting staff of the *Edinburgh Evening News*.

WALES.

The death is announced, at the age of thirty-six, of Mr. John Owen, of Whitland, widely known as a writer and as *Welshman*, Carmarthen, and *Papur Pawb*, Carnarvon.

Mr. F. J. Harries, who for the last seven years has been engaged on the literary staff of the *Western Mail*, Cardiff, has just acquired the *Glamorgan Times*, published at Pontypridd, with which town he was formerly associated.

ISLE OF MAN.

As the result of strong representations made by Manx journalists, the Legislature of the Isle of Man are improving the accommodation for reporters engaged in reporting the Legislature debates.

Mr. F. Frost, formerly of the *Isle of Man Times*, but who has lately been engaged in journalistic work at Maidstone, has returned to the Isle of Man, and has joined the staff of the *Manx Sun*, in succession to Mr. S. H. Hackney, who has returned to England.

The chairman of the Isle of Man sub-district of the Institute of Journalists (Mr. J. A. Brown) entertained the members of the district to dinner on Thursday, April 6th. In connection with the visit of the National Institute of Journalists to Liverpool in August an excursion to the Isle of Man is being arranged for.

NEW BOOKS.

DR. KNAPP'S LIFE OF BORROW.*

Here, then, at last is Professor Knapp's Life of Borrow. I have been anxiously looking forward to its publication for close on a dozen years, and have had some prevision of what it would contain, thanks to the copy sent me of his nine-page article on "George Borrow," from the *Chautauquan* of November, 1887. That little forecast shed a flood of fresh light on a strangely enigmatical career, and the promise held out by it is on the whole fulfilled in these two big, handsome volumes. They are the outcome clearly of much loving and patient research; they have been written "for those who love Borrow"; they are founded on Borrow's correspondence, literary remains, note-books of travel, etc., which Dr. Knapp purchased three years after Borrow's death; and they will surely remain the standard biography. Dr. Knapp was peculiarly qualified for his task as a linguist and a traveller, with a special knowledge of Romany and of Spain; Borrow has been, he tells us, his study for well-nigh half a century. Still, I cannot feel certain that to anyone unversed in Borrow's own writings this Life may not convey a misleading presentment of Borrow. In "Lavengro" (1851) and "The Romany Rye" (1857) Borrow sketched his first twenty-two years. According to the *Chautauquan* article, both books form "an autobiography, true in every detail"; now, it seems, "'Lavengro' is strictly autobiographical, but 'The Romany Rye' is a sort of Dantesque ante-room to Hades." I cannot say quite what that means, but clearly it was for Dr. Knapp to determine in this Life, once and for all, to the best of his ability, how much of "Lavengro" and its sequel is truth, and how much fancy. He speaks of doing so hereafter in an edition of the two works, in which suppressed passages are to be restored. But he ought to have done so here; without some such attempt Borrow's character cannot be properly intelligible. As it is, Dr. Knapp completely or almost ignores such vital episodes in Borrow's boyhood and youth as his picking up Erse and Romany and Welsh, and his learning to ride bare-backed on the cob; he neglects to prove, what is easily proveable, that Borrow in his own narrative is everlastingly posing, continually exaggerating, and rarely, if ever, trustworthy.

Take the Jew pedlar episode in "Lavengro," or Borrow's first meeting with Gypsies in the green lane near Norman Cross. How did he come to call the Gypsy woman "mother," or how know that *sap* is Romany for "snake"? The description of Edinburgh Castle is wildly wrong. That may be due to mere forgetfulness, but, then, what about David Haggart, who in August, 1813, was only twelve years old, so could never have stood up to the full-grown baker's apprentice? The great stallion, Marshland Shales, was sold at Tombland Fair in 1827, not 1818—Dr. Knapp himself has pointed out that anachronism. According to Mr. Seccombe's article in the "Dictionary of National Biography," Sir Richard Phillips, the vegetarian publisher, had retired to Brighton in 1823, the year before Borrow came up to London. The author who touched for the good and the evil chance was drawn from Beckford. This has never before been in print, but I have it on the high authority of Borrow's old friend, Mr. William Bodham Donne, who reviewed "Lavengro" in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. It seems very

* "Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow." By William T. Knapp, Ph.D., LL.D. 2 vols. 32s. (John Murray.)

probable, but, if indeed it was so, for almost everything that fits there is something else that does not. Beckford in 1825 was more than middle-aged, he had then quitted Fonthill, and "Vathek" was written by him before he was twenty-six. One might go on raising a host of similar doubts through all the five volumes of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," but a single one more must suffice—the Tractarian movement is introduced fully eight years before Keble had preached his sermon on the National Apostasy. Dr. Knapp himself adduces a good many tokens that Borrow's veracity is not impeccable—his ascription of the "horrors" to Mrs. Herne's poison, his fabulous visits to Kiakhta and China, and his Spanish misstatements which "must not be taken too literally": how, then, can Dr. Knapp ask us to believe without proof that "the Gypsy tramp of May to August, 1825, was in the main authentic"? And one other point there is, which Dr. Knapp ignores, but which he himself has brought back to my memory by quoting an old, old article of mine in the *Academy* for 13th June, 1874. I have not a copy of that article, but I know that, in a part of it which Dr. Knapp does not quote, I taxed Borrow with having filched much of his Zincali vocabulary from Dr. Richard Bright's "Travels in Hungary" (1818), the Bright of disease celebrity. And I think I made out my case.

Yet, after all, what does it signify? It is not as philologist, or traveller, or "wild missionary," or folklorist, or antiquary, that Borrow lives and will live. It is as the master of splendid, strong, simple English, the prose Morland of a vanished road-side life, the realist who, Defoe-like, could make fiction seem truer than fact. To have written the finest fight in the whole world's literature, the fight with the Flaming Tinman, is surely something of an achievement; "there is nothing," quoth Isopel Berners, "like Long Melford for shortness all the world over." Mrs. Pakomovna, and Jasper, and Ursula, there never were quite such Gypsies, more's the pity; the greater should be our gratitude to him who has made them seem possible. And great, too, should be our gratitude to him who has told us so much that is new of this maker. There is but one thing in Dr. Knapp's two volumes that I could have wished suppressed, a suggestion in the first two letters of his Appendix. I think that he still might suppress this in future editions, where also I would prefer to find the Appendix letters, or some of them, inserted in order of date throughout the text. What a beautiful letter that is here of Edward FitzGerald's (10th January, 1875), where he speaks of "my own happy home in Regent's Park" eighteen years earlier; there is rather a grim forecast, though, in his 1856 letter to Borrow:

"I must tell you I am come up here on my way to Chichester to be—married! to Miss Barton (of Quaker memory), and our united ages amount to ninety-six!—a dangerous experiment on both sides. She at least brings a fine head and heart to the bargain—worthy of a better market. But it is to be, and I dare say you will honestly wish we may do well."

Borrow's love for his mother comes out pleasantly; but his demands on his wife (she was older and richer than he) for five-pound notes might very well have been left in abeyance. One would like to know more of his "English Gypsy Gospel" (ii. 319); perhaps it has turned up with the other Borrow finds at the Bible Society too late for Dr. Knapp's volumes. Borde's Romany specimens can hardly have been known to Borrow in 1840; and why is Mousehold Heath described as "resonant of the cries and wing-flappings of *noisome* birds"? But one gladly accepts Borrow's story from Cornwall of how the fox captures the fowls:

"He goes under the tree where they are roosting, and, seizing his own brush with his teeth, turns round with amazing velocity, staring at them with his fiery eyes. The poor fowls on the tree keep turning round their heads as he revolves, following the flaming of his eyes till they become 'light,' that is, giddy, and fall down, when he despatches them and sucks their blood."

Finally, let me express the earnest hope that in his edition of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" Dr. Knapp will not tamper with the existing text. He makes rather an alarming suggestion (ii. 183) that, when they are "properly edited," they "will form a treasure for all time." This may mean little or much, but they are such a treasure already that change, as it seems, could be only for the worse. Preface, footnotes, and appendix, we may be grateful enough for these; but the mere notion of a "restored" classic, of a revised "Lavengro," is odious.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

THE WIND AMONG THE REEDS.*

Away, come away:
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a-gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand,
We come between him and the hope of his heart.

It is the faëry cry, once heard not to be withstood. It calls persistently, hauntingly, through the soul of this Celtic poet, the rarest, the most beautiful, the most perilous of calls. That it is no mere pretty fancy, to hang rhymes on, is the first thing to be convinced of would you give his rhymes their due. But that the great engrossing world of social man—with, of course, the hills, woods, and streams for a decorative background—should not provide all the themes necessary for the most vagrant poets, is a thought beyond most folks' thinking. Mr. Yeats appeals to the remainder, leading them out for a moment with himself into a lonely land, beyond the struggle and the praise and the blame of men. The first *sortie* is exultant; the world well lost.

The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
And where is there hope or deed as fair?

The cry is enticing to such as have ears.

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right.

And yet it is but the call that is echoed here; the call and the following. The freedom is not attained. Let that reconcile such as clamour in art for "human interest." Aedh, Michael, Robartes, and Hanrahan, old friends of "The Secret Rose," spokesmen here of the passion and the dreams of men, are spirits in prison among us below. They wander, they search for the forbidden lonely land, reach it, perhaps, but are doomed to come back to trouble and excite their restless kin. Name the search beauty, perfection, spiritual freedom, what you will. The doom of humanity is on it, of humanity with its long thoughts, its far visions, and its weak hands and feet. Yea, indeed, there is no lack of "human interest" in these poems of faërie, the perennial human interest of pain. And the one theme common to all high poetry is here. Aedh, the type of pure adoring passion, says thus to his beloved:—

You need but lift a pearl-pale hand
And bind up your long hair and sigh;
And all men's hearts must burn and beat.

Aedh understands the greatest power in all our world, and says:

The poets labouring all their days
To build a perfect beauty in rhyme,
Are overthrown by a woman's gaze
And by the unlabouring brood of the skies;
And therefore my heart will bow, when dew
Is dropping sleep, until God burn time
Before the unlabouring stars and you.

And another poem, not of Aedh's the high lover, is one of the most beautiful love-songs in the language. It is called "The Heart of the Woman."

O what to me the little room,
That was brimmed up with prayer and rest;
He bade me out into the gloom,
And my breast lies upon his breast.

O what to me my mother's care,
The house where I was safe and warm
The shadowy blossom of my hair
Will hide us from the bitter storm.

O hiding hair and dewy eyes,
I am no more with life and death,
My heart upon his warm heart lies,
My breath is mixed into his breath.

The theme throughout the whole book is the same—an answer to the "sweet everlasting voices," the response of the passion of the heart to what is beyond itself, beauty, love, and what love is but the dim vision of. It is perilous; it widens the eyes, and slackens the hand, and drives content from the heart. But then it is

* "The Wind among the Reeds." By W. B. Yeats. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

perilous to so few! How many hearts will exult, and how many will shrink to read?—

> And God stands winding His lonely horn,
> And time and the world are ever in flight,
> And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
> And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

A. M.

TWO BOOKS ON THE ENGLISH DRAMA.*

When first published about a quarter of a century ago, Dr. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature* at once became the standard authority on its subject. Criticisms might be, and were, passed upon this or that point of method or treatment, but the work was so solid and so comprehensive, so packed with first-hand knowledge, so enriched with comparative learning, that even just cavils could not seriously damage or depress it. The intervening years have seen an immense activity of research in dramatic history. The study and the stage have alike contributed to advance knowledge and insight in this their common domain. An immense quantity of special investigation has been concentrated upon the lives of individual dramatists, the literary sources of plays, the detail of stage history, the genesis and evolution of dramatic form. No one else has essayed Dr. Ward's task, or produced a work at all competing with his in scope and aim. But the accumulated new material has for years been crying out for the wider recognition afforded by its embodiment in a comprehensive history of the whole subject, while accumulations, hardly less considerable, of suggestion and hypothesis have stood sorely in need of the sifting hand and the discerning eye which the comprehensive historian of the whole subject is best fitted to bring. Both these somewhat exacting claims are adequately satisfied in the new edition. The great increase of bulk (from about 1,300 pp. to nearly 2,000) is even greater than it appears; for the elaborate theoretic Introduction of the first edition, proper rather perhaps to an æsthetic treatise than to a history, has been withdrawn. The bulk of the new matter has been thrown into notes, and on the whole it may be said that the book remains the book it was; complying in matters of detail with every well-founded criticism, but retaining every structural feature intact, and reflecting as definitely as before the temperament and personality of the author. Few books indeed illustrate so happily the art of deferring without yielding ground, of "killing" an adversary "with kindness," decapitating him, as it were, like the Sultan's slave, with a weapon so finely tempered that the common spectator fails to observe that his head is off. At bottom, however, Dr. Ward's uniform graciousness to adversaries has less in it of the Socratic irony which uses compliments as pitfalls, than of the old highbred courtesy which frankly honours an honourable opponent.

Among the additions will be noted the accounts of the recently discovered *Return from Parnassus*, and of the Oxford *Narcissus*, as also the fuller treatment of the Rowleys and of Day. In the latter cases the advance is largely due to the researches of Mr. Bullen. The valuable contributions more recently made by Miss P. G. Wiggin, of Radcliffe College, to the discrimination of Rowley's and Middleton's work in their joint dramas, have also been fully recognised. Professor Koeppel's excellent treatises on the sources of Jonson's, Beaumont's and Fletcher's, Chapman's and Ford's plays, which, in addition to their original matter, summarise a large amount of German investigation far too little known among us, will also in Dr. Ward's frequent references be introduced to a larger public. The chapter on Shakspere is almost a book in itself. The fit treatment of Shakspere in a history of the drama is no easy task; where so much is problematical it is difficult to avoid stating the grounds for every particular solution adopted, while yet such statement necessarily interrupts at every point the continuity of the narrative. We confess that we should have preferred a sharper distinction than is here drawn between the history of Shakspere's dramatic art and the ancillary studies in chronological evidences, metrical tests, and the detail of sources. The detailed treatment of the single plays is now more than ever an invaluable summary and criticism of all important contributions yet made to the elucidation of the *Realien* of each. But when all is said, we seem at times to have learnt everything about a play except the one thing which we expect a historian of the drama to tell us, its place in the continuous development of Shakspere's artistic nature. To our mind, if we may venture on the suggestion, it would have been better to follow in Shakspere's case the plan, for the most part pursued elsewhere, of relegating these extraneous matters to notes, and giving in the text a continuous account of that which belongs strictly to dramatic history. Among the very few omissions we have observed in the immense mass of critical literature used or discussed in these volumes, we may specify the following. Dr. Logeman's edition of the Morality *Everyman* certainly called for notice in a history of the English drama, for he has shown grave reason for doubting whether it is, strictly, English at all; the Dutch version, formerly regarded as a translation of it, being in reality the original to which nearly all the merit is due which so strikingly marks it off from the English moral-plays at large. Dr. R. Fischer's valuable account of Seneca's influence on English tragedy (*Zur Kunstentwicklung der engl. Tragödie*) would have supplemented on the side of dramatic technique the excellent dissertation of Dr. Cunliffe, who confines himself almost entirely to echoes of phrase and thought. Mr. J. M. Robertson's scholarly work on Shakspere and Montaigne might well have not merely supplemented but replaced the dilettante speculations of Mr. J. Feis on the same subject; but probably this part of the History was already in type when Mr. Robertson's book appeared. It is a pity that two other treatises did not appear in time for the new edition—the elaborate account of the Elizabethan Latin dramas in the *Jahrbuch* xxxiv., and Prof. Brandl's collection of early Elizabethan plays briefly noticed below. May we, finally, in the interests of an eminent living scholar, correct a passing reference to him as the "late" Mr. Littledale? The present writer himself, some years ago, had the misfortune to fall into the same error, and in a book which very humbly followed in Prof. Littledale's footsteps, lamented the early blighting of so promising a career; only to learn that he was in reality very much alive. A very full table of contents (wanting in the first edition), and a much enlarged index, add greatly to the serviceableness of these volumes, and qualify them still further for the familiar companionship with every student of the drama, which their solid worth must in any case secure them.

Professor Brandl's book is one of the most important contributions which have been made for some years to the history and criticism of the early Elizabethan drama. Modestly entitled "a supplementary volume to Dodsley's Old English plays," it does infinitely more for the plays selected than Dodsley or any of his successors ever dreamed of doing. The twelve plays are all either difficult of access, or accessible only in imperfect editions; one or two exist only in MS. The plays are, as the editor confesses, "dull"; but their very dulness serves to throw into relief the refinement of analysis which elicits from these rude scrawls the symptoms of what is to come, and makes each a text for a luminous exposition of its place in the perplexed currents of Elizabethan stagecraft. The twelve plays are presented under the following suggestive classification: (i) *Moralities* ("Pride of Life," "Nature," "Mankind"); (ii) *Interludes* (Heywood's "Love," "Weather," "Johan Johan," etc.); (iii) *Polemical Plays of the Reformation* ("Respublica," "King Darius"); (iv) *Scholastic Plays* ("Misogonus"); (v) *Tragedies* ("Horestes," "Gismond of Salern"); (vi) *Romantic Comedy* ("Common Conditions"). Among the most interesting and least familiar of these are the "Respublica" and the "Horestes," the former as the chief polemical play on the Catholic side, the latter as a rare example of the influence of Euripides in a field dominated on the whole by Seneca. Prof. Brandl's introduction to this section brings out the relation between the Latin and the English tragedies of the time in a peculiarly fruitful way. Thus he traces the distinction between the more classical and the more popular line of development in tragedy back to Buchanan's *Jephthes* (1540-3), and Grimald's *Archipropheta* (1547)—the first palpably reminiscent of the Euripidean *Iphigenia in Aulis;* the second freely mixed with comic elements, so that, for instance, John the Baptist, a purely tragic creation in Buchanan's *Baptistes*, is attended by a jester (Gelasinus), who contrives to combine this *role* with that of the ancient chorus, "now jesting with the maids, now, as *sapiens*, speaking home-truths to Herod and the Pharisees." The *Horestes* belongs to the more popular variety, as *Gorboduc* to the more classical. Literary history is perhaps the most important topic

* "A History of English Dramatic Literature." By Dr. A. W. Ward. Second Edition. 3 vols. 36s. (Macmillan.)
"Quellen des Weltlichen Dramas in England." By A. Brandl. (Quellen u. Forschungen, No. 80. M. 20. Strassburg: Trübner.)

of the Introduction; but there is nothing comprehended within the purview of Germanic philology for which the author has not an eye and a sense. The sections on language teem with matter never before collected, illustrating the history of colloquial and dialectical English in the first half of Elizabeth's reign, the involuntary or perverse distortions of speech which amused the groundlings a generation before Dogberry, the tricks of syntax or of accidence which puzzle the Shakesperean who has read nothing before Shakspere. The sections on metre trace the variations between stricter and looser structure of lines, the dilemma of hard monotony and formless licence, from which it took the Elizabethan playwright three decades to discover the way out. Freshest of all, perhaps, are the notes upon stage history, which set out the indications furnished by each play of the scene-arrangement, scenery, dresses, etc. As a specimen of these notes, and also of the close-packed style which marks every one of Prof. Brandl's 120 closely-printed pages, we may quote the following on the school-drama *Misogonus*:—

> The stage was conceived as an open square between the Castle of Philogonus and the house of Melissa. The Castle was in sight (iv. 1, 62); its door could be knocked at from the stage (iii. 1, 13) and entered (iv. 1, 170); but no scene appears to take place in it; nothing was therefore needed but a painted facade at the side of the stage, corresponding to the priest's house in Heywood's *Johan* or Dionysius' palace in *Damon and Pithias*. On the other hand, we see the interior of Melissa's *bower* (ii. 4, 12); this is clearly to be supposed at the back of the stage, like the pit of the fiends in *Mankind*, the house of the husband and wife in Heywood's *Johan*, the booth of Celestina in *Calisto and Melibaea*, the workshop of Mulciber in *Thersites*, the room of Dame Coy in *Jack Juggler*, the patriarch's tent in *Jacob and Esau*, and Dame Chat's tavern in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. So far the apparatus had been long in use. The novel feature was, that this closed space in the background could be suddenly disclosed, and closed again; in other words, there was a curtain. . . . What the absence of this provision (which is first directly attested in 1576, the date of the foundation of the Curtain Theatre) often cost the dramatist is seen in *Jacob and Esau*, where the old blind patriarch has to feel a desire to be led into the air whenever he wishes to speak. In *Misogonus*, had there been no curtain, either the realistic detail of the tavern scenes would have had to be foregone, as in *Nice Wanton*, or else the *bower*, being perpetually in view, would have craved renewed excesses in the three following acts, as in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, where Dame Chat's tavern is continually brought into play.

This Introduction gives warrant that the continuation of Ten Brink's *Litteraturgeschichte*, which Prof. Brandl has undertaken, will lose nothing, or will at least gain in one direction what it may lose in another, by the transfer from the elder to the younger master.

C. H. HERFORD.

MISS HARRADEN'S NEW NOVEL.*

Each of Miss Harraden's novels has shown an enormous advance on its predecessor. With every new book her touch has grown firmer, her insight deeper, her method more dramatic and direct. It was a far cry from "Ships that Pass in the Night" to "Hilda Strafford." But there is an immeasurable distance between the best of her earlier achievements and her latest work. Miss Harraden has given us clever sketches, charming studies in tender monochrome on a narrow canvas. They promised greater things to come, and "The Fowler" has more than fulfilled their promise. It is an elaborate and finished work of art, a masterpiece of psychological portraiture. Miss Harraden has always had a rare artistic sense of the things that are not seen. She cares nothing for the attenuated mental stuff of which problems are made. In her hands ideas become living influences, touching her characters on their deepest and most human side. This time she has chosen for her theme an intellectual seduction. The conception is a subtle and original one. Her heroine, Nora Penhurst, is one more portrait added to the long gallery of nineteenth century women, those brilliant and fascinating creatures who are so hard to paint successfully because of their many-sidedness. Every dabbler has caught something of their pose; the great artists alone have grasped their passionate and complex souls. Magnificent in physical and intellectual strength, modern to her finger-tips, with a beautiful healthy modernity, when first we are introduced to her Nora Penhurst is untouched by any taint of decadence. She is intoxicated with the "wine of life," the joy and loveliness of mere living. It is for this rich and receptive nature that "the Fowler" spreads his snare. Miss Harraden has dissected the character of this man with a firm and delicate hand. Theodore Bevan is the incarnation of the evil spirit that denies. Cynic and decadent, his decadence is no mere literary affectation, it is the substance of his soul. That soul is revealed to us in an infinity of subtle touches.

"At one moment he might have passed for a suffering saint, and the next moment anyone might have judged him to be a poet weaving beautiful fancies, and the next moment he might have sat for a ruffian, a stranger to every gentle mood." "He claimed nothing for himself. . . . All the claiming was done for him by people who believed him capable of everything." He is drawn with such curious sympathy that we actually feel the spell of his ugly personality. There is something Byronic about him, though he is incapable of passion. He has the power, irresistible to most women, of making himself pathetic. The work of fascination is described with masterly skill. There is no hurry, no break, no piling on of effects. The psychical drama moves almost imperceptibly. The snare is woven of cobwebs, of ideas and emotions light as air. Nora

From Photo by] MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

struggles piteously against the influence, but she cannot free herself. She dreams of Bevan, and in her dream he tells her "All the paths lead back to me." There is no escaping him. He does not corrupt her morals (he is no sensualist), or shatter her religious faith. These time-honoured methods are too coarse and obvious for his Satanic, reptilian subtlety. He simply takes her soul and strips it bare of everything that made it beautiful.

> "She had lost her way; lost touch with herself and other people; lost the very keynote of harmony with her higher nature; lost her enthusiasms; her proper hold on what she most cared for in life; was losing her will power and her own individuality; was becoming, nay, had become a thing to be played on, strummed on, jarred on, by a man whom she did not even love."

The "Fowler" lures her from her women friends, from her comrade-father and from the man who loves her; yet she becomes engaged to him. From this point the novel moves more rapidly through Nora's phases of doubt and misgiving to the final unsealing of her eyes. We wondered as to the artistic necessity of the means by which this is partly brought about—the reading of the journal wherein Theodore Bevan so indiscreetly analysed himself. But the device is justified as completing the revelation of this extraordinary character. Nothing could be finer than the intensely dramatic scene where Nora delivers herself. She says:

> "— The time will come, I suppose, when I shall feel ashamed. Let it come. It will work in with all the degradation of this most miserable period of my life, when I followed the voice of evil rather

* "The Fowler." By Beatrice Harraden. 6s. (Blackwood.)

than of good, and turned aside from all who loved me and believed in me for you—*an evil spirit*. For make no mistake about that, Theodore Bevan; in my heart of hearts I have never believed you anything but an evil spirit. You have rankled in my soul as all evil things must of necessity. I blame myself bitterly that I did not cut you out at the very beginning. But you interested me; you amused me; you were so different from everyone else that I thought it would be a new experience to have you in my life—someone whom all other people detested—and so I played with you. . . . But in spite of you and in spite of myself, yes in spite of this two years' misery, I shall recover my pride, my independence of spirit, my liberty of mind, my joy in life—all this shall come back to me and in full measure. I will fight for it as no one has fought before." "And now, go."

Of course he tells her that she has forsaken him, and that the responsibility of his soul and his life rests with her. But he goes. And the closing chapters tell of the final healing of this wounded soul.

The same advance in artistic workmanship is very striking in the finished drawing of the minor characters. Roger Penhurst, Nora's father, and Brian Uppingham, her lover, are brilliantly successful examples of the humorous, scholarly type that Miss Harraden understands so well. Penhurst is a delightful person with his absurdly immortal youth, his tender heart, his Sanscrit, and his eccentricity. Uppingham, the historian, is a young and glorified "Hieronymus," drawn by a maturer hand, "heart and brains in perfect accord . . . and a man who has kept the whiteness of his soul." He is the spirit of good in Nora's life—the spirit that affirms.

Miss Harraden is equally at home with simple people and scenes. Graystoke, with its old inns, the Punchbowl and the King's Head, is more real and vivid than St. George's Square, the Hungarian restaurants, and the Eagle Club. For Graystoke is associated with all that is most beautiful in Nora's life, while London is the background of her evil dream. Miss Harraden's villagers are inimitable. The humour of Mrs. Mary Shaw, Parrington, Wullie, and "the ancestors" is of the true sort—not the new. It is deep and spontaneous. In fact, all Miss Harraden's good things are provided by her characters, not for them. The landlady of the King's Head may sit beside those immortal matrons, Dolly Winthrop and Mrs. Poyser. Mrs. Mary Shaw is disturbed with the problem of heredity.

"Ah, Wullie's a good lad," Mrs. Mary Shaw would say with a sigh, "and to think that he'll grow up to be a bad man! He has his father's own face and the same terrible pleasant way with him. There's no escaping being your father's own son."

Or take this scene (the Punchbowl is courting the King's Head. He has been at it for nine years):

"Well, I never!" said Parrington. "Is business bad?"
"Never was better," said the hostess of the King's Head, somewhat proudly.
"Has Wullie turned out a rascal already?" asked the host of the Punchbowl.
"No, he's a good lad so far," said Mrs. Shaw, smiling.
"Is the last brewing a failure?" asked Parrington.
"I never make no failures," said Mrs. Shaw, scornfully.
"Then what's the matter with you?" he persisted.
"I was just thinking of life," said Mrs. Shaw, pensively. "That's all."
"That was what I was thinking of yesterday," said Parrington.
Then there was silence between them for a few minutes, and the host of the Punchbowl drew his chair a little nearer to Mrs. Mary Shaw.
"As the years go on," he said, "people get rather lonely. I'm beginning to think I'm lonely enough over there at the Punchbowl."
"I don't wonder. It's not a situation as I cares anything about," said the hostess of the King's Head. "It catches them east winds something dreadful."
"Is that all you have against the Punchbowl?" asked Parrington.
"That's all I can think of at this minute," answered Mrs. Shaw, pretending to shiver.
"Very much obliged," said Parrington. Then he added quaintly, "Have you got anything against me, Mrs. Mary Shaw?"
"No, Mr. Parrington," she answered, her face now wreathed in smiles.
"There's no east wind set in against me?"
"None," she answered, laughing.
"Well," he said.
"Well?" she asked, knowing perfectly well what was coming.
"Well," he continued, "if I was you I should get merried again, and I should marry Parrington."

Which at the end of the book is what she does do.

The style has all the literary charm which we look for in this novelist's work, but it has grown stronger and more plastic in her hands. There is not a dull line or a flagging page in the whole book. But it is not alone in grasp of character and in literary technique that Miss Harraden has outstript her former self. Her greatest gain is in her philosophy, her outlook upon life. The young pathetic sense of the irony of things, which amused or saddened us according to our nature, has grown into the open vision of the finished artist who "sees life steadily and sees it whole."

MAY SINCLAIR.

THE BURNS EXHIBITION CATALOGUE.*

Possession is nine points in the law of literary love; and I am quite certain that the many—though they were not so many as they might and ought to have been—who in 1896 wandered through the galleries of the Glasgow Institute of Fine Art, filling their minds and hearts with portraits and pictures, manuscripts and relics, and "by far the largest collection of Burns books ever brought together," must have gone away convinced that it was their own fault if they had not become possessors of the real Burns at last. Perhaps they had become possessed of the unreal Burns, too. Relic-hunting is a very respectable form of hero-worship, but it is apt to breed scepticism. Was it not the late James McKie, of Kilmarnock, who reckoned that Burns was, on leaving Mossgiel for Edinburgh, presented with no fewer than twelve watches by his "brother ploughmen"—in other words, with a dozen more than history has an accurate record of? The other day, too, when glancing through Mr. Hissey's delightful account of his excursion into the country of "fen and wold," I was pulled up by Wordsworth's "mild surprise" when I read how a local antiquary had shown to the writer as the gem of his collection a snuff-box marked "R. B., 1765," and therefore Burns's. The poet I had believed up till then to be eminently precocious, but I had not known that he was so accomplished a snuffer at the age of six as to have had a "mull" of his own. And when nearly three years ago I was in that wilderness of Masonic jewels, toddy ladles, trunks, snuff-boxes, and cutty stools, I could not help wondering how Burns with all his power of "living" in everything he did—and his power in this respect was not less than that which Mr. John Morley rightly attributes to Voltaire—could have needed so many of these articles. Some of the fanciful sketches, too, in the Exhibition were not quite satisfactory, or at all events quite satisfying. Those of them that represented Burns in love looked as if they had been drawn specially to justify Mr. Henley's quite erroneous theory that the poet "condescended" on his heroines. But in the altogether unique and probably unsurpassable collection of manuscripts we have Burns as he actually lived, the spirit "fierce and bold" perhaps, but who never fumbled, never stumbled, went straight to his goal whatever it was, never abated of his "thoroughness" till the last syllable of his recorded time, and was an artist in caligraphy when circumstances prevented him from being an artist in anything else. And in the "lives," the "editions," the books about Burns, there could be realised the evolution of hero-worship and of criticism after a fashion which is unlikely to be witnessed again, although it is not improbable that the awkward squad of biographers and commentators will fire over his grave and into each other for a century yet.

It is not probable that there will ever be such a Burns Exhibition as that of 1896, although, of course, there is no saying what may be done in America. Meanwhile there has, after a lapse of nearly three years, been produced, under the too modest title of a "Memorial Catalogue," this singularly valuable volume, which ought to keep the memory of the Exhibition green, and to which only the helplessly conventional eulogy can be applied, that no real lover of the poet can afford to do without it. It is divided into four sections, "Portraits and Pictures," "Relics," "Manuscripts, Inscribed Books, and Autographs," and "Books." The entries under each have been edited with scrupulous accuracy by Messrs. William Young, Duncan McNaught, George Neilson, and F. T. Barrett, who have also prefaced their portions of the work with lucid and commendably brief general introductions. Nothing like the reproduction in facsimile which is given here of Burns's handwriting at various stages in his life, in his poems, in his letters, in his inscriptions of and pencillings on books, has ever been attempted before. The portraits and pictures constitute a Burns gallery in every (including the family) sense of the word. As for the Books section, which included the Lamb Kilmarnock copy, ultimately sold for £572, and in which were represented 303 Scottish, 359 English, and 34 Irish editions of the poet's works, I have no hesitation in saying that the minute description here given of it constitutes the best bibliography of

* "Memorial Catalogue of the Burns Exhibition." 42s. (Glasgow: William Hodge and Co. and T. R. Annan and Sons.)

Burns that has been published. Mr. Robert Walker's general introduction to the volume is eminently graceful and sympathetic. Messrs. Hodge and Annan, who publish the book, have united to make it a triumph of the arts of the printer and of the artist in photography. It is hardly too much to say that the illustrations and the reproductions of manuscripts between them constitute to the intelligent reader a very complete life of Burns. Such a reader will not hurry through this book; he will keep it by him to revel in at odd moments. It is not for criticism, but for whole hearted possession and whole-headed enjoyment, like Burns himself. WILLIAM WALLACE.

JAPANESE LITERATURE.*

There are probably only two foreigners in the world capable of writing a history of Japanese Literature, and one of these is beyond doubt Mr. William George Aston, C.M.G. Mr. Aston's connection with Japan began five-and-thirty years ago. He knew Japan in her picturesque old days, before the Revolution of 1867 had unseated the last of the Shoguns, and resuscitated the Mikado as the constitutional head of the leaders of the great clans, such as the Satsuma and Choshiu. He began his connection with Japan as a student-interpreter in 1864, became interpreter and translator to our Legation at Yedo, as Tokio was called in those days, in 1870, assistant Japanese Secretary to the Legation in 1875, and Japanese Secretary in 1886. In Japan, besides the ordinary first, second, and third secretaries our Minister is provided with a Japanese secretary, *i.e.*, a Japanese-speaking English secretary, a most responsible officer in a country where only about one Englishman in a hundred can read a word of the language, and not a very much larger percentage can speak it. There are English financial institutions of the first rank in Japan which have not a single Englishman in their employ who understands Japanese, all the interpreting being done through a Chinese shroff or compradore.

Reading Japanese is, of course, no easy matter. Even in the abbreviated alphabet in use for newspaper work there are an enormous number of intricately formed letters (I cannot remember precisely whether it is forty-seven or seventy, or what), and "the Chinese alphabet," if one can employ such an expression, which is used for heavier purposes, has about thirty thousand characters necessary for the thoroughly educated person to know. Even a Chinaman takes seven years to learn his own alphabet, and the industry of the Chinese as students is unparalleled.

Mr. Aston can not only read the writing of the Japanese; he is also familiar with their extraordinary upside-down way of putting a statement. The Japanese mind works as it were on a different plane from ours. Things have a different way of striking them, and they have a different way of stating things. He has made use of his knowledge to become personally familiar with the masterpieces of the various epochs of Japanese literature, and, having accomplished this, has digested the information into a clear and concise critical-history of Japanese Literature. This he divides into seven periods—the Archaic Period (up to 700 A.D.); the Nara Period (the eighth century A.D., during which poetry was cultivated); the Heian or Classical Period (800-1186); the Kamakura Period (1186-1332, during which learning declined); the Namboku-Cho and Muromachi Periods (1332-1603, which were the dark ages of Japanese Literature); the Yedo Period (1603-1867, marked by the revival of literature); and the Tokio Period (1867-1898, marked by developments under European influence). To these he adds a useful bibliographical note, and list of dictionaries and the like. He points out in his preface that Japanese words and proper names have been introduced as sparingly as possible, and that he has adopted the Royal Geographical Society's system of spelling them, which he defines briefly as "consonants as in English; vowels as in Italian; no silent letters." And he emphasises the fact that comparatively little space has been devoted to what he modestly describes as "a record of personal impressions and opinions, the outcome of rough pioneer work, and having little claim to be considered as mature literary criticism." He has thought it preferable, for a literature so little known to the English public as that of Japan, to allot ample room to translated extracts, and to give such biographical notices as were necessary to show what manner of men the authors were. He has also added a few leading facts about the religious and political history of the country, without which it is not easy to follow the course of the literary development. The age of the Revival of Learning, for instance, from 1603-1867, which he labels "The Yedo Period," was synchronous with the duration of the Tokugawa Shogunate, which may be called the age of strong monarchy in Japan, for it was the Shogun, or commander-in-chief, at Yedo, who was the virtual monarch of Japan, not the fainéant Mikado at Kioto.

In criticising such a book one has no hesitation in applying the new journalism's method of criticism, which is, briefly, to give an idea of the book, to say how far the author has succeeded in writing a book which people will read. For there is no one in England but Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain who could criticise Mr. Aston's History of Japanese Literature on the old method of correcting it like a schoolboy's exercise. To point out small blunders, if there are any, would be beside the point—the point is, has or has not Mr. Aston succeeded in giving us a clear and readable work on this important subject? One can without hesitation reply in the affirmative. Mr. Aston has

From Photo by] MR. W. G. ASTON, C.M.G. *[Suzuki, Yokohama.*

given us an admirable and efficiently-indexed popular Encyclopædia of Japanese literature to which we can turn, as sure of finding out what we want about Japanese literature as we feel when we turn to Mr. Chamberlain's "Things Japanese," because we are in doubt about some Japanese custom. Turn up "the Nihongi," for instance. Quite a number of English people who have never been to Japan have heard of that. They have seen an English edition of some of it, published by the Japan Society, lying on their friends' tables. We find that "it is a collection of the national myths, legends, poetry, and history, from the earliest times down to A.D. 697, prepared under official auspices, and completed A.D. 720." Even that is not the oldest Japanese book, for the first written book which has come down to us in the Japanese, or indeed in any Turanian tongue, is the "Kojiki," or "Records of Ancient Matters," which was completed A.D. 712. It must be remembered that printing in Japan dates from the same century, though the art of printing from movable types was not known to the Japanese till Hideyoshi, the greatest warrior of Japan, conquered Corea at the end of the 16th century. Another Japanese book whose name is tolerably familiar to English readers is the "Genji Monogatari." We turn this up in Mr. Aston's book, and find that it was written by a woman in the year 1004 A.D. It is a novel of Court life, antedating by a good many centuries the French romances of Court life which have been regarded, rather than the Italian short stories of

* "A History of Japanese Literature." By W. G. Aston. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Boccaccio and others, as the parents of the modern novel. We learn from Mr. Aston that her name, Murasaki-no-Shikibu, was not her family name, Murasaki meaning "purple" and Shikibu "Board of Rites," and that she belonged both by birth and marriage to the great old Fujiwara family, which furnished Japan with so many mikados, statesmen, literati, and poets. As a specimen of the way in which Mr. Aston treats his subject one may very well give a few of his remarks upon the Genji. "There are few dramatic situations in the Genji, and what little of miraculous and supernatural it contains is of a kind which might well be believed by a contemporary reader. The story flows easily from one scene of real life to another, giving us a varied and minutely detailed picture of life and society at Kioto, such as we possess for no other country at the same period. The hero is the son of a mikado by a favourite concubine, whose colleagues are all jealous of the preference shown her, and are continually annoying her in a petty way. She takes this so much to heart that she falls ill and dies. Her death is related with much pathos. Genji grows up to be a handsome and accomplished youth of a very susceptible disposition, and his history is mainly an account of his numerous love affairs and of his ultimate union with Murasaki, a heroine in all respects worthy of him. It continues the story up to his death at the age of fifty-one. The last ten books, which relate chiefly to one of Genji's sons, are by some considered a separate work. The style of the Genji has been called ornate. . . . Most of the characters are persons of exalted rank, in describing whose sayings and actions a courtly style of speech is indispensable. . . . Apart from this the style of the Genji is not more ornate than, let us say, Robinson Crusoe . . . . the enormous bulk of the Genji will always remain another obstacle to its just appreciation by Europeans. It is in fifty-four books, which, in the standard (but not very satisfactory) Kogetsusho edition, run to no less than 4234 pages."

The above epitome of this famous book strikes one as admirably succinct, and it is fairly typical of the way in which the whole subject is treated.

The remainder of the book must be criticised in less detail, though to the Philistine reader it is the most interesting part of it. A good deal of very interesting personal matter is given about the voluminous Bakin, who is easily the most popular of all Japanese authors, and not only outdid the Genji Monogatari in his "Story of the Eight Dogs" (The Hakkenden), but established a record in novels. It took twenty-seven years, from 1814 to 1841, to write, and came out in a hundred and six volumes—even in its modern reprint it forms four thick volumes of nearly three thousand pages. Of this Mr. Aston says "it narrates the adventures and exploits of eight heroes of semi-canine parentage, who represent the eight cardinal virtues. After a perusal of some hundreds of pages of this work, I can only express my amazement at its extraordinary popularity in Japan. It is full of physical and moral impossibilities, and, worse still, is often pedantic and wearisome."

As we learn from the highly interesting concluding chapter, novels with translations from celebrated European books are among the most important books published in Japan at present. One of the most popular writers is the political novelist, Sudo Nansui, author of "The Ladies of New Style," "The Local Self-Government," and other novels with English titles. Mr. Aston adds that the position of novelists has completely changed in the last few years. Formerly, like actors, they were classed among the lowest of the people, and were constantly in trouble with the police. Now they are respectable members of society, and command fair incomes.

Mr. Aston's book is full of information, interestingly conveyed, about the literature, and, incidentally, about the life of the youngest of the civilised Powers.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

SWIFT'S LETTERS TO CHETWODE.*

The letters of Dean Swift to Knightley Chetwode, now edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, with a commentary which greatly enhances their value, ought to have appeared years ago in Forster's unfinished biography. Forster's untimely death occasioned their return to Chetwode's descendants, by whom he had been entrusted with them, and they have but recently come to the cognisance of Dr. Hill, who in publishing them separately has done far more for them than could have been done by Forster. Even if the latter had possessed the necessary qualifications, the scale of the biography of which they would have formed part would have excluded the wealth of comment and illustration by which, as mere bones may be the foundation of a savoury mess, Dr. Hill has constructed a most entertaining and readable book out of private letters of no great intrinsic importance. Forster may probably have been right in deeming them the richest addition made to Swift's correspondence since his letters were first collected, but we can no more allow this to denote a superlative degree of epistolary merit than we can subscribe to his character of Swift as "the most masterly of English letter-writers." An excellent letter-writer he certainly was, but his letters, with all their merits, and excluding the Journal to Stella, usually want the first distinction of a really delightful correspondence, that combination of qualities which may be best summed up in the monosyllable *charm*. They rather make one think what admirable letters Swift would have written if fate had made him a general or a statesman.

Although the Chetwode correspondence does nothing to vindicate Swift's claim to the tact and grace of a consummate letter-writer, it does exemplify one of his highest gifts, shared with Byron, Wellington, and other men of strong individualities whose merits as correspondents are rather of the personal than of the literary order; the faculty of putting the entire man into a sentence. Uninteresting as these letters often are in subject, there is not one which could have been written by anybody but Swift, or one which fails to exhibit a miniature of his striking character. They belong to his Irish residence in the years 1714-1731; the first ten miserable, the others, though splendid with such triumphs as the "Drapier's Letters" and "Gulliver's Travels," at best unhappy. They are consequently well adapted to elicit that fundamental characteristic of misanthropy which would have been the dominant trait of Swift's nature under the most auspicious circumstances, but was terribly aggravated by his public and domestic misfortunes, his banishment to an uncongenial country, and the physical afflictions which he so constantly deplores in such pathetic terms. There was but little in his correspondent or his situation towards the latter to call forth feeling of any special depth. Mr. Knightley Chetwode, of Woodbrook, near Portarlington, was a scion of an Oxfordshire family, who had married and settled in Ireland. He was a Jacobite; like Swift, therefore, upon the wrong side of politics, and so far sympathetic to him. They relate principally to Chetwode's private affairs, but the interspersed notices of politics and manners are always interesting, and, with every allowance for the writer's pessimism, confirm all that has been said of the generally unsatisfactory condition of Ireland at the period. The intimacy at length terminated in a misunderstanding, for which Chetwode's suspiciousness and Swift's despotism sufficiently account. A solitary letter from Chetwode at the time of the breach ought to clear up the matter, but merely darkens it. It is strange how confused even the most educated among our ancestors often became when they had to express themselves upon paper. In the present day even an ill-written letter is generally intelligible; but this was by no means the case previous to the nineteenth century.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill, as always in his editorial capacity, has garnished these letters with a most appetising accompaniment of illustrative commentary. Nothing is left unexplained, and the explanation is usually more interesting than the text. We are reminded of his edition of the correspondence of David Hume; if the harvest is less abundant, the reason is merely that the soil is less productive. Hume's letters deal with larger interests than Swift's, and contain infinitely more references to persons and transactions of importance. In general, Dr. Hill's conception of Swift's character is right and fair; in one respect only he seems to us to have treated him with some injustice. He thinks that Swift evinces "that vein of baseness that ran through him" in his dejection at Queen Anne's death and his estimate of her character. Considering that Anne had refused to make Swift a bishop, we should have thought his loyalty to her memory highly honourable to him. He cannot have thought her an intellectual woman, but he may well have thought her a good one, and his language does not seem to imply more. Nor should Lord Cowper be cited unreservedly as a witness against Harley, for, although colleagues for a time, they were also enemies.

R. GARNETT.

* 'Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift.' Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. 12s. Illustrated. (Unwin.)

THE TITAN OF THE REVOLUTION.*

"I looked at this repulsive and horrible face, and . . . I could not associate an honest man with such a countenance. I have never seen anything so absolutely the incarnation of brutal passion." Thus Madame Roland, writing of the Mirabeau of the Sans-Culottes. And this was the picture that hung for years in the Pantheon of history. The genius of Carlyle called up another figure, that of a man, fiery-real, genuine to the heart-core, with many sins, yet lacking that greatest of sins, cant. That remains the authentic portrait. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Beesly supply the evidence of its authenticity.

It is idle to compare the two volumes before us. Though written from the same standpoint of admiration, though based upon the same authorities, they differ so materially in style and treatment as to complement one another. Mr. Beesly is the historian proper. His book is largely made up of Danton's speeches as recorded in the Moniteur. His style is clear and judicial, masterful of detail. To appreciate Mr. Belloc's commentary you must have grasped Mr. Beesly's facts, for Mr. Belloc is not so much concerned with events as with their significance. He relegates his documents to an exhaustive appendix—the long report of the first Committee of Public Safety, there printed for the first time, is, to our thinking, the most important piece of evidence produced by either author—and takes much knowledge for granted. His book is unquestionably a brilliant piece of work, the outcome of ripe scholarship and remarkable literary ability. The style is throughout moving and striking, at places almost breathlessly rhetorical. The survey of the whole revolutionary movement, and of the peculiar position of Paris in that movement, with which the study begins, is the most enlightening and suggestive, and withal the most personal, piece of criticism it has been our fortune to read for years.

Both writers have frequent recourse to the three French historians who of late years have made special and impartial study of the Revolution—Dr. Bougeart, M. Aulard, and chiefly Dr. Robinet. The persistent research of these authorities has thrown a new light on much that had been blackened by calumny and prejudice. Two accusations generally accepted as proven by English historians, stain the memory of Danton. He was corrupt and venal; he instigated the September massacres. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Beesly prove beyond shadow of dispute that there is not a tittle of evidence to support these charges. But they fail to convince us that Danton's name is absolved from *complicity* in the ghastly crimes of September. Culpable he certainly was, silently culpable. Posterity can never forget that he failed to lift his terrible voice in protest against assassination. His tacit acquiescence remains a crime. If he had dared and dared again, and once more dared, he might then have crushed the blood-red Marat as he did the Girondins. Paris was only roused, not yet uncontrollably insane. Though he was never consumed by that demoniacal lust of blood that defiled his—friends, he was in the counsel of those who instigated and deeply planned the massacres, and it was from them that he accepted high office, on their shoulders that he rose to utmost power. He did not sow the seed of Terror, but he did nothing to uproot the plant.

We should have liked a more impartial account of Danton's position as a practical statesman. Both our authors, enthusiastic special pleaders keeping loyally to their brief, overestimate his political genius. He was the one great organiser of the Revolution, but his policy was always shortsighted. He had no clear aim, no certain goal. He never learnt the supreme power that lies in waiting. He acted on the moment for the moment. To this he owed his death. He stamped and armies came out of the earth. He hurled his thunders and the people rose. It was only at the last, and when it was too late, that he looked upon the country of his creating and begged for pause, for toleration and unity. The powers he had called into being turned and rent him and rent France. He organised the First Committee of Public Safety. Remembering the Second Committee, can we say that even this was a wise and statesmanlike piece of work? And in the cold light of history, must not the whole tenor of his foreign policy be utterly condemned?

The personality, rather than the policy, of Danton stands clear-cut in these pages. He was a bourgeois in mind, generous, sympathetic, energetic, hard-headed. He saw no visions, he dreamed no dreams. He was the voice of the great crowd, incarnate energy without fixity of purpose. To quote a fine passage from Mr. Belloc: "He is the most French, the most national, the nearest to the mother of all the Revolutionary group. He summed up France; and, the son of a small lawyer in Champagne, he was a peasant, a bourgeois, almost a soldier as well. When we study him it is like looking at a landscape of Rousseau's or a figure of Millet's. We see France." France in her greatness and her supreme weakness, too.

J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

* "Danton: A Study." By Hilaire Belloc, B.A. 16s. (Nisbet.) "Life of Danton." By A. H. Beesly. 12s. 6d. (Longmans.)

MISS FOWLER'S NEW NOVEL.*

Miss Fowler shows herself conclusively to be one of the people who are improved by success. "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" was good, but "A Double Thread" is better. It preserves all that was freshest and most delightful in last year's book. The dialogue is no less clever, but easier and more natural, and the sparkle is as bright and yet more genuine. Isabel Carnaby jarred upon us occasionally with a cheap witticism or an unforgivable pun. Miss Harland (it is safer, for reasons which the reader will discover, to avoid the Christian name) does so only once. The style is a little mellower and a little softer than it was a year ago. The characters are more human and more lovable. It is one of the pleasantest things about the book that the most entertaining characters are also the most amiable. And they are the most real. Miss Fowler is not so much at home in the backwaters of life. It is in the heyday of youth and the stir of society that she is at her best. Happily, too, it is the pleasant people who say the quotable things, and of these the book is full. Most of them refer to the one ever-interesting subject—the relations of men to women, and women to men. We shall not repeat any of these—there are too many to choose from. Here is one, however, of more general application, and worth keeping at hand as a healing ointment to be used in most cases of wounded sensibilities and chafed spirits. "People as a rule do not mean to be unkind unless they are also unhappy." It is a fair illustration of the spirit in which Miss Fowler writes. Her sparkling wit is the most obvious thing about her books; the best thing about them is her generous and joyous attitude towards humankind.

* "A Double Thread." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW STORY.†

Mr. Crockett's books come in such big battalions that it is not easy for anyone who has something to do besides reading them to keep pace with their production. His "Red Axe" was the last of his romances that I read before "The Black Douglas" reached me, but, for aught I know to the contrary, the period between them may have been marked by the appearance of half a dozen volumes as full as are both of them of that life and movement which will always and properly secure for their author a large public, in spite of the critical Amiels that are always proclaiming the woes of *mon cœur fatigué*. Still, one must do as one can and as one knows, and I am disposed to say that "The Red Axe" indicates the road of romance along which Mr. Crockett, giving his bridle rein a shake, should ride, and "The Black Douglas" the road from which he ought to deflect. There was just enough of historical basis for the earlier book to make it something better than a mere castle in the air. Its successor—at least, its latest successor—exhibits its author hampered and, indeed, fatally shackled by legend which is written as deep in the heart of Scotland as ordinary history, and is probably as authentic. One can quite understand Mr. Crockett's desire to draw into his net the brilliant and luckless young Scottish nobleman—Duke of Touraine as well as Earl of Douglas—who was trapped and beheaded by the unscrupulous Crichton in Edinburgh Castle in 1440, and the Breton monster of iniquity and destroyer of children, Gilles de Retz, who the same year was hanged and burned at Nantes. It enables him to reproduce after a fashion the old Franco-Scottish alliance. But his very effort to keep within the bounds of history has

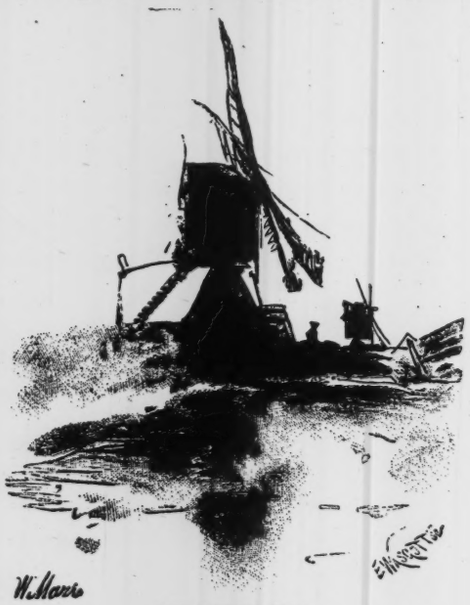
† "The Black Douglas." By S. R. Crockett. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

injured his plot in two ways. The death of Lord William Douglas, though true to history, is not true to fiction. He is really one of those heroes—heroes of the one sort that Mr. Crockett can draw successfully—who after adventures and hairbreadth escapes innumerable triumph over all their enemies, including the weaknesses that do most easily beset them. His Lord William, having tarried but for a season in the Venusberg with the witch Sybilla, ought to have settled down with some Galloway Elizabeth after killing Crichton and Livingston. By way of compensation for the want of liberty allowed him in the Douglas "incident," Mr. Crockett has taken a great deal of license in dealing with the De Retz atrocities. These were-wolves, Sathanas, La Maffraye, and all the rest of it seem to me nothing more than sadly overdone melodrama. Mr. Crockett's talent undoubtedly demands elbow-room; but let him take it in stories which, like "The Red Axe," give ample scope for imagination without trespassing on the preserves of history. At the same time, no falling off in literary or dramatic vigour is to be noticed in "The Black Douglas." The MacKims, father and sons, especially loyal, hard-headed, and hard-knocking Sholto, are boldly and successfully drawn. Mr. Crockett is, as usual, very successful with his girl characters. One almost forgives Lady Sybilla for her treachery to her lover in consideration of her repentance. The saucy, courageous, yet loving and lovable Maud Lindsay is an attractive addition to his gallery of Scottish portraits. Mr. Crockett is quite unrivalled as a painter of those vigorous women generally possessed of a tongue with a tang, whom the one Pope that visited Scotland—no saint either—considered too amorous forsooth because they were mentally and physically vigorous and born to be good wives and mothers.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

A SCOT IN HOLLAND.*

The first effect of Mr. Meldrum's book is to convince the reader of ignorance. There is so much more behind these dykes and dunes than the mere tourist guesses at. The traditional picture of Holland—a land of windmills and canals, of low-lying pastures and sleek cattle—is true so far as it goes, and even the traditional picture of the Hollander—stout, cautious, and phlegmatic—is (with reservations) true also. But the information of most of us regarding Holland, if fairly accurate, is miserably meagre, and Mr. Meldrum fills out our picture with a



THE LITTLE MILL.
From a drawing by Willem Maris.

thousand new details, and gives a new significance to what we already know.

The first hundred and fifty pages are devoted to a general sketch of the Holland of to-day. It is a comfortable land apparently, inhabited by a happy and hard-working people. On the whole, contentment seems to be at once the virtue and the vice of the Hollander. His habits are simple and orderly—a whole family can live in town "in more than comfort" on

AN AMSTERDAM APPLE-WOMAN.
From a drawing by B. Leon de Laguna

£200 a year; his instinct is to secure himself against the rainy day, and live out a placid life, risking nothing.

As with the individual so with the nation.

> Holland lives on, self-centred, entangling herself in no European questions, splendidly administering her colonies without ostentation, allowing no dream of Empire, no intoxication of glorious memory, to tempt her into one moment's presumption in speech or action; and prudence, her own supreme virtue, says that that way lies safety. Yet in her security lies her danger, so true is it of nations and of men that to save your life is to lose it. In the Dutchman all the plain elements of greatness, good and ill, lie awaiting some integrating force to make a man of him. . . . And as the man lacks "devil," so the nation awaits an inspiration.

A little further on Mr. Meldrum adds, "Fate has willed it that in all the elements of offence she is impotent. But in the uses of defence she has been splendidly disciplined." This skill in defence she owes to her one untiring enemy, the sea. We do not easily realise how much engineering skill, backed by continual watchfulness, is necessary to keep the little country in existence. In the chapter entitled "The Fight with the Waters," the most interesting, to our mind, in the book, Mr. Meldrum makes clear to us "the all-importance of half an inch of water." Let the vigilance of the *Waterstaat* Department be relaxed for a day, and again the time might return when, as Andrew Marvell says,

> The fishes oft the burgher dispossessed
> And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest.

The Fight with the Waters, however, has done more for Holland than merely filch a few thousand hectares of land from the ocean. If that were all, as many a one, from William of Orange downwards, has pointed out, it would not have been worth the pains. But it has brought out the mechanical skill, the untiring patience, the unyielding determination, which are among the best characteristics of the people. It has given them their moral muscle, their steady and enduring trustworthiness. It has given them a right to their motto, *Luctor et Emergo*.

There is no department of Dutch life which Mr. Meldrum neglects. Municipal and university life, canal life, farm life, methods of government, methods of education, all these he describes in fullest detail and evidently with fullest knowledge.

* "Holland and the Hollanders." By D. S. Meldrum. 6s. (Blackwood.)

He sees both the strength and the weakness of Dutch character and Dutch institutions, and though he condemns sparingly and praises generously, he is never unfair. He throws no misleading glamour over his subject. He takes Holland and the Hollanders as he finds them, writes of them in a direct and practical fashion, and places his information and his opinions frankly before us. His book is one that people will trust.

But the illustrations must not be forgotten, for they are important. There are about eighty given—some of which we are privileged to reproduce—nearly all from Dutch pictures. In these we see the Holland of the artist as in the letterpress we see the Holland of the practical man. Together they present a clear and complete view of a country which, amid the stirring interests of larger states, is apt to be overlooked.

WITH THE EMPEROR IN RUSSIA.*

None of the contemporary Napoleonic documents is more vivid than these memoirs, written by a Velite sergeant attached to the Imperial Guard, some months after the events while he was a prisoner in Prussia. Years afterwards, on looking at them, a singular mania came over him. "I doubted whether all that I had seen and endured with so much courage and patience in this terrible campaign was not the effect of my imagination." His old comrades and his own letters to his mother were witnesses to the truth of his story. He might well have doubted that human bodies could have endured what his had come through. Out of his regiment twenty-six returned home. The general history of the Russian campaign is well known. But it has never been told save here from the point of view of the private soldiers and the company officers. Bourgogne was spared nothing. He had a great gift of simple, forcible writing. There is not a tedious page, though at times the story becomes intolerable to a reader seated in warmth and comfort and safety. But there is constant relief in the high spirits, the power of making the best of misery, and likewise in the waves of enthusiasm that swept through the army by moments in recognition of the greatness of their leader, and of the stakes at issue. These moments are described without rhetoric. Their reality gleams through the simplicity with which they are recounted.

His narrative of the stay in Moscow is a wonderful picture of confused barbarism and humanity, pillage and sympathy, contempt of life and death, and neighbourliness among enemies—a strange medley of tragedy and childishness. You see a batch of soldiers making jam fritters in the midst of red ruin. You see them sharing their soup with the folks whose houses they have sacked. Napoleon was thinking hard, but his irresponsible Guards danced and masqueraded and drank punch while they had the chance.

Then comes the story of the retreat. Bourgogne does not mince his words. He tells you what hunger means in terms one shrinks from quoting. "I am sure that if I had not found any horseflesh myself I could have turned cannibal. To understand the situation, one must have felt the madness of hunger; failing a man to eat, one could have demolished the devil himself if he were only cooked." The description of the north wind travelling over the forests, and the soldiers running from it towards any fire they saw, and falling, and never rising any more, is unforgetable. Again and again there is mention of the terrible laugh of death, which grew so familiar. Pillage as they might, they could not find food. "It is the devil's own country, for it is hell all through." There are tales of mania and savagery, but there are still more numerous tales of heroism. During the whole of one terrible night the dragoons attached to Prince Emile of Hesse-Cassel stood round him, "wrapped in their great white cloaks, pressed tightly one against the other, protecting him from the wind and the cold. The next morning three-quarters of them were dead and buried beneath the snow." And brotherly kindness among the men was all in the day's work.

At last even Bourgogne's powers gave way. He had to drop behind his regiment, and he and a friend were lost in the forest. Picart, the friend, is the brightest spot in the memoirs—the French soldier of tradition, endlessly brave, plucky, gay, and bearing beneath a laughing, jesting exterior a tremendous sense of the honour of the army. Bourgogne and Picart are surely the originals of Heine's "Zwei Grenadier." A false rumour reached them that Napoleon was prisoner:

> "Besiegt und zerschlagen das grosse Heer,—
> Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen."

Picart did not believe, but yet his spirits left him. He brooded; at last delirium overtook him. He "talked to himself, sometimes standing and going through musket-drill. All at once he stopped, and, on turning round, I saw him motionless, porting arms as if on parade. Suddenly he thundered out 'Vive l'Emperor!'" Picart saw his hero again, for they came up with the terribly diminished army. "Great tears fell from his eyes, rolled down his cheeks, and froze in his moustache Then, turning to me, he said: 'I don't know, *mon pays*, if I am awake or dreaming. It breaks my heart to see our Emperor on foot, his baton in his hand. He, so great, who made us all so proud of him!' He went on, 'Did you notice how he looked at us?'" He shed tears for Napoleon, but his own misfortunes he laughed or sang away. Bourgogne has made the man live for us. And if Picart could have written, he would have probably told us quite as cheering tales of the brave sergeant, who wrote these memoirs for his grandchildren, to show them that "grandfather did not always lie upon a bed of roses; and although he may not have been one of the best Catholics in France, they will see that he often fasted, and more than once he fasted on a feast-day!"

* "Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne, 1812-1813." Authorised Translation from the French Original, edited by Paul Cottin and Maurice Hénault. 6s. (Heinemann.)

MAETERLINCK'S DRAMAS FOR MARIONETTES.*

If you know and love a work of art in the original, you will almost invariably conceive a fierce dislike to any translation of it, and, as translation goes in these days, you will be frequently justified. The first two dramas in the "Modern Plays" series can have been little known to English readers; and the translations of Ostrovsky's "Storm" and Verhaeren's "Dawn" may have, therefore, escaped a good deal of criticism reasonable and the reverse. But Maeterlinck is familiar ground, and the question whether this version recalls his power and charm is one on which a very large number of readers must be qualified to pronounce an opinion. Of course Maeterlinck should not be translated. Perhaps he should write in a language apart—he almost does—understanded of all lovers of poetry, and needing no rendering into any of our crude tongues. Mr. Archer has retained the indescribable awe of "Interior," and that means an honourable success. Mr. Sutro, the translator of the two others, is mostly correct as to the meaning; but his style reflects hardly anything at all of either the eerie charm or the eccentricities of the original. It is smooth, and while quite dignified, it is also quite commonplace. The halting, the inarticulateness, as of one using a language alien to his soul, and lisping in it—there is none of that; only plain, clear, grammatical, honest, and somewhat dowdy speech, which utters the tale and loses the tune.

It was with a perfect instinct that Maeterlinck called these little plays "Dramas for Marionettes." But all his plays are such. Hardly an actor or actress exists impersonal enough, exquisitely fragile enough, dateless enough, other-worldly enough, to play his pieces without over-emphasis, without lending too much material body to their conceptions. His work is far from inhuman; only his *dramatis personæ* are not men and women, but the frail hopes and sighs and shudders of men and women's souls. There exist in the world voices to render these aright; but bodies of flesh and blood are too gross and too arrogant for the part. Perhaps "Interior" might be excepted—though its principal actors are shadows seen through lighted windows. But when "Interior" is acted in any fashion, will not the vexed question of the future of the drama be settled? For that question all turns on the provision of a sensitive audience; and the audience of "Interior" will have only an untold story, half-spoken suggestions, some hardly seen speakers in the dark and the shadows on the pane, as reasons for their thrill. Of the three "The Death of Tintagiles" is the most wonderful. Never was the terror of evil, of the dark, and of death more powerfully suggested. And in how few words!

Mr. Sutro is surely quite wrong in his preface, when he suggests that these plays, and those that preceded them, are in any respect subordinate to Maeterlinck's utterances in "Wisdom

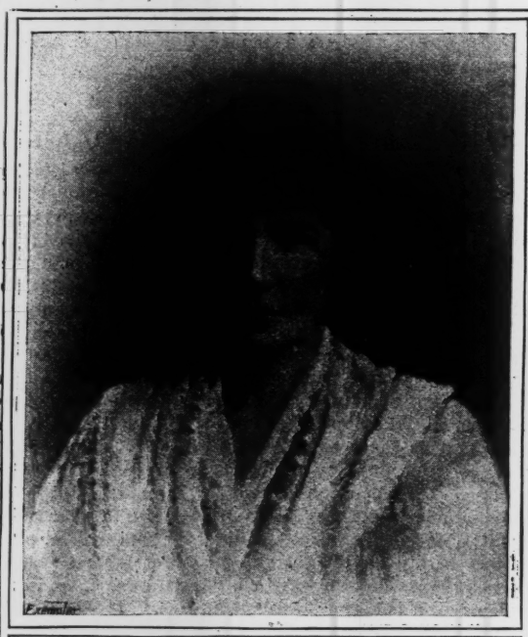
* "Alladine and Palomides; Interior; and The Death of Tintagiles. Three Little Dramas for Marionettes." By Maurice Maeterlinck. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

and Destiny." Of course he will be readily believed. For one reader who can grasp the beauty and the wisdom—which is so wise because it is not opinion—in a work of art, there are a thousand that can follow and adopt the sayings in a didactic work like the one he has named. M. Maeterlinck has his opinions, of course, and he sets these down in a certain mood and in an appropriate place; but I question if he has advanced to the view that Fate is "a power that can never enter the soul, uncalled" from the position of these plays, that Fate is a power stronger than our puny wrestling. The difference is one of mood; of practical and of absolute truth. The opinion is good as a test of strength, and as a counsel for active life. The acknowledgment lies, nevertheless, ever in the background, and because it is enervating to the vulgar, veils itself by instinct in poetry. A. M.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY.*

In his preface Mr. Harper tells us that he has taken history for his guide. But what he gives us is not a history of sociological facts so much as a criticism of sociological theories. The book is an impassioned defence of the claims of Christianity to be the supreme factor in social progress. And it is well that he should have insisted on what "scientific" sociologists have been too apt to ignore. Mr. Harper finds that the foundations of society are fourfold: ethical, economic, political, and religious. Religion figures now as one of the four, now as the common basis of the other three. The book falls mainly into four sections corresponding with these four factors. In each section criticism and construction go hand in hand, with the rather unfortunate result that there is much repetition and that the logical points are somewhat scattered. There is no cumulative evidence, no balancing of proofs. On the other hand the criticism of evolutionary ethics is admirable. Mr. Spencer's ingenious attempt to evolve high altruism from the selfish instincts of our nature is very severely handled. Less satisfactory is the summary criticism of idealist theories, which are lumped together as subjective. Now Kant's "Categorical Imperative" and Hegel's "*Zweck*" were nothing if not objective, *i.e.*, "valid for the will of every rational being." The objective (in the sense of external) authority, which Mr. Harper's position compels him to assume, adds nothing to the authority of the moral law *qua* moral. There are two excellent chapters on Individualism and Socialism. It may be objected that Individualism is not wholly derived from the animal instincts; and that it may fairly claim that place in economics which Mr. Harper assigns to it elsewhere. He is more just to the merits and defects of Socialism with which he sympathises. As a matter of fact Mr. Harper looks for a *via media*, and rightly holds that it is to be found in Christianity and Christianity alone. But he is more successful in showing that the Christian ideal of brotherhood is the living force in all socialistic movements than in proving Christianity to be the golden mean between the two extremes, the power that resolves their differences in a higher unity. Such is his sympathetic bias that in his hands Christianity appears as the spiritual form of State Socialism! In the practical field, Mr. Harper is all for increased taxation, State absolutism, with a leaning to direct democracy on the Swiss system. (It is highly doubtful whether this form of government would work under a huge and complicated Empire.) Some minor points may be questioned. A lapse from civilisation into savagery surely implies reversion to type, and points to savagery, not civilisation, as the primitive state. The doctrine of evolution does not stand or fall by the theory of natural selection, which the most advanced evolutionists have long recognised as but one of many factors. And even for controversial purposes it was hardly worth while resuscitating the author of "Supernatural Religion," after Bishop Lightfoot has danced so effectively on his coffin. But on the whole Mr. Harper's book is a valuable one. We may wish that he had been more scientific, more tentative, more austerely logical; but these attitudes do not readily combine with the spirit of the preacher and the reformer.

* "The Foundations of Society." By J. Wilson Harper. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)



From Photo by [*W. & D. Downey.*
MRS. K. PRICHARD.

From Photo by [*A. H. Fry, Brighton.*
MR. H. PRICHARD.

NOVEL NOTES.

A MODERN MERCENARY. By K. and H. Prichard. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"God binds by blood; men bind themselves by oaths; which is the stronger?" With this question as motto and as motive the two writers, already well known as "E. and H. Heron," have constructed a really first-rate novel. The setting is in the Court of Maäsau, a tiny Duchy in South Europe, of little importance in itself, but a pawn of immense strategic value in the great game of the Powers. Britain and Germany have their agents on the spot. Russia has a watchful representative. The Duke's Chancellor is an able man, but not incorruptible, and on the whole diplomacy has a fair field and plenty of room for intrigue. Intrigue must have its tools, however, and Rallywood, a young Englishman who has been compelled by poverty to

take a commission in the Maäsau Cavalry, finds himself for unexplained reasons of state elevated to the position of an officer of the Duke's Guard. It is a dangerous eminence for a foreigner, and troubles gather thick about him from the first, culminating at last in the supreme struggle between the bond of blood and the bond of his own oath. Through it all Rallywood is the ideal hero—calm, confident, and unflinchingly honourable, so loyal in soul as to be spared even the temptation to disloyalty. The diplomatists of the Powers weave their nets about him in vain; he comes clean and scatheless out of every danger and disgrace. He is too grandly magnanimous for reality perhaps, but just what he ought to be for romance, and the other characters are keen and accurate studies of human nature with no embarrassing superfluity of nobleness. The fiery and generous young Guardsman, Unziar, is a capital foil to the cool-headed young Englishman. Selpdorf, the astute Chancellor, Elmur, the diplomatic German, Sagan, the brutal and treacherous Maäsauan count, and his petted and unprincipled doll-wife are all well realised. The dialogue is cleverly written, and the story goes on without a break in its interest from first page to last. It is undoubtedly one of the best novels of the class that we have read.

THE MANDATE. By T. Baron Russell. 6s. (John Lane.)

In "A Guardian of the Poor," Mr. T. Baron Russell showed himself a realist of distinction. His sketches of Camberwell shop life were artistic, convincing, moving. "The Mandate," his first novel, is an ambitious piece of work, original and striking. It is a strong rather than a pleasant book, wanting something in humour and kindliness. Mr. Russell's touch is at times almost brutal. His hatreds are intense. Henry St. Kelvin is a most objectionable character, we admit, but his foulness—the word is not too strong—is too much insisted upon. It is apparent and needs no emphasis. The constant pictures of the man's orgies lack restraint and reticence. It is difficult to regard him as human or to feel horror of his murderer. This murder by mesmeric suggestion is the central theme of the novel. It is treated with rare dramatic power, and is rendered not only probable but inevitable. The climax grips the imagination, and is full of grim, haunting terror. There is unmistakable talent in the book. The writing is throughout forceful and clear, the characters finely observed and realised. Mr. Russell should go far.

SAMUEL BOYD OF CATCHPOLE SQUARE. A Mystery. By B. L. Farjeon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Give Mr. Farjeon time and room enough, and he mixes a fine mystery for you, a good deal beyond your unravelling till at least three-quarters of a long tale has been read. A clever detective plays an important part, but the book is not of the usual detective-story order. The personalities of the characters other than the criminals are carefully elaborated; their circumstances and their emotions are given ample attention. In fact, "Samuel Boyd" is a novel which owes a great deal more to the inspiration of Dickens than of Gaboriau. Reginald, Dick, and Florence are nice young people with love-stories that might have stepped out of one of Dickens' minor works. The villains Pye and Vinsen are more indebted to Wilkie Collins. But if there be a medley of models, the whole is quite good enough to keep one's curiosity and one's sympathies awake while running through the pages.

THE MESS DECK. By W. F. Shannon. 3s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

What Mr. Jacobs has done for the small coasting craft and their amusing population, Mr. Shannon has begun to do for the blue-jackets. They are just as good material, it would appear, and Mr. Shannon, to judge by his first attempt, is fit to tackle them, to extract their humours, retaining all the flavour, paint their portraits, and do whatever else is necessary to put us on the best of terms with a faulty and most fascinating race. There are several vivid creations. Twelves is our favourite; but he has worthy comrades. As in most books of true humour there is more characterisation than story, but this characterisation does not reach us in lengthy descriptions by the author. It unconsciously oozes out of the quaintly eloquent mouths of the blue-jackets themselves.

GREY WEATHER. By John Buchan. 6s. (Lane.)

It is paying "Grey Weather" the highest compliment to say that it is a book to give a "wandered" Scot a sore fit of homesickness. It will take him back to the hills and the waters of his own land in a way that the familiar Scottish idylls never do. These make their appeal to humanity through the primitive and universal emotions. Mr. Buchan, in much of his work, appeals only to one class—that of his educated fellow-countrymen. There are pages and pages which, to a Southern reader, will merely spell monotony, or at best the intellectual pleasure of a cultured style and careful, descriptive writing, but which a Scot will linger over and return to again and again. In some inexplicable way Mr. Buchan has caught and imprisoned the *genius loci* between these grey-tinted covers, and for the sake of the heathery hills and the crying whaups and the odour of the moor-burn, his imperfections, which after all are not very many, will be forgiven him. Yet there is enough of human interest to appeal to a wider class—unless the vernacular is a difficulty, for Mr. Buchan writes the pure Doric and no mere mis-spelled English. There is a dry and subdued humour lying half hid in most of the sketches, and a deep and sincere—though never a lachrymose—pathos in nearly all. The last story is frankly amusing, quite in the ordinary vein of

MR. JOHN BUCHAN.

comedy, and for that very reason it lacks the distinction of the others. "A Reputation" seems to have dropped in by mistake out of some other book—a good book too in its way, but not "Grey Weather." "Summer Weather" had better have been left out, since hydrophobia is not an idyllic subject. Of the others it is hard to say which is best. Our own favourite is "Streams of Water in the South," partly for the sake of the reminiscence of Scottish psalmody in the title, but chiefly for the sake of the old man whose weakness and craziness left him when he came to the ridge of the hill and saw before him the moors and the shining waters and the hill top with its five springs where he had chosen his "bit." "It's my ain land . . . an' I'll never leave it, but lie still an' quiet to the warld's end. I'll aye hae the sound o' water in my ear," he cried. "I couldna wish to dee better than just be happit i' the waters o' my ain countryside."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There seems to be a fashion at present for books treating of the psychology of childhood. Among those we have read what strikes us most is the utter unhappiness which is generally represented as the child's lot. It is a truism to say that a child's life is not all sunshine, and that a wet day or a lost ball are as bitter, if not as lasting, griefs at five years old as widowhood or bankruptcy are at forty. But happily there are many children who have kind parents, pleasant homes and contented minds. We are looking out for the history of one of these. Meanwhile we accept Angela, with her inhuman mother, cruel sisters and heartless teachers. She is represented as a normal child placed in abnormal circumstances, but, through a certain inherent sanity, growing up amid it all into a normal womanhood. It is difficult to accept the circumstances. Such cruel lashings and positive tortures practised upon a tiny girl-child by the Sisters in an English convent scarcely seem credible. But if we do accept them, it is only to give the higher praise to the skill which traces through all the steady expansion of the child's mind.

Angela's babyhood at least had been happy, for the first five years of her life were spent at her nurse's cottage in the country, where the little lady reigned supreme, and tyrannised placidly over the whole village. In this first unconscious lesson in the meaning of love lies the secret of that hidden root of sweetness which saved Angela's nature from becoming utterly warped and soured by the cruelties which followed, and in that first experience of indulgence lies the explanation of the passionate outbursts of anger and resentment which caused much of the trouble of after years. All the steps of the later development are closely followed, and the familiar characteristics of childhood appear in due order and course. There are some amusing touches, but not many, for the aim of the book is serious. It is thoroughly interesting, and leaves us wishing to know something of Angela's future. We are quite sure she did not grow up so colourless as the "I" of the autobiography would modestly have us believe.

COUSIN IVO. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

We open a new novel from the pen of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick with anticipations of bright reading. Nor are we disappointed. There is in "Cousin Ivo" all the sparkle and entertainment that characterised "The Grasshoppers," the lively conversations, the keen character sketches of German life. It is one of the best of the romances of labyrinthia—to borrow Mr. Tom Gallon's useful designation of the country of the "never-never," whose capital is still called Zenda. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick has not followed the new tradition in any slavish fashion. It is true there is the typical English gentleman, drawn against his will into intrigue, the villainous German Count, who dies by the "judgment of God," and of course the typical Hulda, but the whole plot is novel and more convincing than usual. The only fault we have to find in the method of telling is with Hulda's

From Photo by] MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK. *[Elliott & Fry.*

diary, which compared with Jem's autobiography is dull reading.

PROFESSOR HIERONIMUS. Translated from the Danish of Amalie Skram. By Alice Stronach and G. B. Jacobi. 6s. (Lane.)

The translators of "Professor Hieronimus" have revealed to us a very powerful Danish writer. Amalie Skram's other work is unknown to us, but this book, at least, is courageous, vital, and startlingly vivid. The story lays itself open to argument and contradiction, without doubt, since it paints a state of things that most readers will deny the existence of, and perhaps rightly. That a nervous patient, who was willing to pay for privacy and exceptional care, whose chief symptom was sleep-

From Photo by] *[Rüse, Copenhagen.*

AMALIE SKRAM.

lessness, should be confined in the asylum, to which she voluntarily goes for rest and advice, in a room opening on a ward full of lunatics and imbeciles, and immediately above the place where dangerous maniacs bellow and fight; that she should be subjected to every kind of suspicion, indignity, and brutality, though she is patently sane, seems to us incredible. And yet to read the story is inevitably to feel that such a condition of things does exist somewhere, since it is described with a graphic simplicity that it would be impossible to surpass. Besides—and Amalie Skram is a declared naturalist—the writer spent some time voluntarily in such an institution, and her story has been treated in Denmark as a *roman à clef*. But even if the circumstances she depicts be exaggerated, there is one thing in her book absolutely true to life—the personality of Professor Hieronimus. We only get the briefest glimpses of him. There is hardly any description. He comes in to see his patients, barely speaks, and vanishes quickly; yet we know him perfectly and dread him as much. He is the fanatic, the instinctive tyrant, given absolute authority. His kingdom is a kingdom of the irresponsible, the insane, the weak-willed and the weak-nerved. His assistants are no curb; he is the man of special knowledge; he has the power of favour or ruin. They learn that the first condition of a tolerable life is cringing. That performed, there are legends of his benevolence. Professor Hieronimus does not rule over lunatic asylums alone. Indeed, he may be, in these humanitarian days, an impossibility there. But he lives still, an evil blighting force, under a solemn respectable guise; and Amalie Skram has doubtless strengthened a few arms to deal the wholesome blows that will liberate some helpless creatures from his grasp.

THE GARDEN OF SWORDS. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Pemberton's new book has the air of having been carefully planned and then finished in a hurry. It is most symmetrically constructed, almost too much so, since one feels inclined to illustrate the plot with a diagram. It rises and falls in a *crescendo-diminuendo* of interest, beginning with a simple scene of town-gossip in Strasburg, and leading us gradually by way of a wedding party and a happy honeymoon to the sorrow of a parting and the culminating horror of war. Then it sinks through the long-drawn miseries of a siege to another strong, simple scene at the close. Even the characters balance one another most accurately. In the earlier part the handsome young French officer has the hero's *rôle*, and in the background we have a glimpse of a certain Jules Picard, a delightful old Frenchman of whom we would fain have seen more. In the latter part a noble young Englishman fills the foreground, with a certain Richard Watts, a delightful old Englishman, in the minor *rôle*. Fortunately Mr. Pemberton does not whisk him

out of sight so quickly as he does old Jules, for he is quite the most interesting of the male characters. The one figure which stands out clearly through the whole book is that of Beatrix, the young English girl, whose husband, the French lancer, is taken prisoner after the great Death-Ride at Wörth, and whose fellow-countryman, Brandon North, befriends her when she is left alone. With her Mr. Pemberton has succeeded well. She is brave and tender and sweet, a type of all that is best and most loveable in womankind. Her charm pervades the book and lingers with us after it is closed as the pleasantest thing in all the "Garden of Swords."

THE CONFOUNDING OF CAMELIA. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is a clever book, not quite so good as "The Dull Miss Archinard," because much less simple But it is piquant and interesting and wholesome. The motive is unconventional and

From Photo by [*Mendelssohn.*

MISS SEDGWICK.

the situation by no means ordinary. Camelia is never quite convincing, either in her wicked or her repentant days, but perhaps the reason is that Miss Sedgwick takes her in both cases a little too seriously. The brilliant child who, after two seasons, begins to play in her native parish the part of the accomplished woman of the world, who conquers or blights by her haughty benevolence or her superciliousness, raises a smile. We should have been content if retribution had come in the form of a little gentle snubbing and teasing instead of through the tragic death of her neglected cousin. But Miss Sedgwick rates her sin as well as her abilities higher than we do, and punishes accordingly. Yet is the girl anything more than the brutal young creature that health, wealth, good looks, indulgence, and flattery almost invariably produce? In the young male animal the possession of dumb beasts is often an outlet for the assertion of power. But Camelia had only a cousin, less clever, less rich, less beautiful, less arrogant than herself, and, therefore, the natural prey of an untamed young brute, whose knowledge of Greek and general culture had had no deeper effect than to tickle her vanity. We never doubt her conversion, though it was a trifle too speedy; and we regret that it was brought about by Perior the prig. Pedagogic lovers are hateful, and we heartily wish Camelia had received her deserved lesson slowly in the open world instead of in the sickly schoolmastery, immediate-reward-and-punishment atmosphere of that good and insufferable man.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

TENNYSON. A Critical Study. By Stephen Gwynn. Victorian Era Series. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Whether this little book was wanted or not, whether the time has not come to leave Tennyson to mellow in our minds before we attempt a fuller judgment, here it is before us, a well-written, readable book, not to be snuffed out by any remarks on its want of timeliness. We always read Mr. Gwynn's criticism with interest. In serious criticism he is doing his real work. There is a vacant place he can fill—that of the young observer with the new lights all in view, who nevertheless finds a use for the old ones. What he says of Tennyson's style and craftsmanship is to the point and by no means superfluous. At first sight he seems to take the poet's thought too seriously. The young generation of to-day will certainly say so. But it needs a deal of thinking, not original thinking, but mental effort, to arrive at as good a compromise as Tennyson did about religion, for example; and to give striking expression to the gropings and yearnings of the mid-century was an achievement Mr. Gwynn is justified in rating high. Several of his conclusions we cannot share, but they will serve as good pegs for argument. He holds that "The Idylls" alone will very fitly stand comparison with "The Faery Queen." Occasionally a very superficial judgment is met with. When he says, "The fate of Browning is tied up with that of Mr. George Meredith," he is speaking nonsense, whatever his meaning. But the appreciation which best proves Mr. Gwynn's qualifications and limitations is contained in the chapter on the poet's Outlook upon Nature. Wordsworth, he says, attempted to find a living spirit in nature, a something apart from man. Wordsworth is not the best example of the attitude; but let that pass. To Tennyson Nature was only a setting for man. "Tennyson's appears to be the saner and more genuine," says Mr. Gwynn. Why more genuine? Mr. Gwynn is not much of an Irishman when he says that. But in thus uttering the feeling of nine-tenths of English readers and makers of poetry, he proves himself at least in peculiar sympathy with the poet he is interpreting.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN. By Oscar Browning. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

We have examined this workmanlike compilation with interest and some admiration. It is hardly a book to be read for pleasure. Voltaire's account of the hero has far more personality about it, and is infinitely more inspiriting to read, of course. Many of his inaccuracies have long ago been corrected, and Mr. Browning has profited by a study of more recent lives. The book is not literature, nor is it a contribution to historical research, nor to the philosophy of history. It would be unjust to criticise it save as a manual containing information for the student arranged in an orderly fashion, a handy companion to larger and more comprehensive books.

GENIUS LOCI. Notes on Places. By Vernon Lee. 5s. net. (Richards.)

Travel impressions make convenient material for the easy-going and fashionable book-maker. Not many such books are worth much, or are even readable. Vernon Lee, indeed, expresses almost everybody's opinions on the subject very exactly, when she says, concerning a certain château in Touraine, "If other persons should have different impressions of the place I do not wish to hear about them." We mostly feel that our own travel pictures and ideas, blurred or petty as they may be, are more real and interesting to us than those of other people, though more gifted than ourselves. A few good books of the kind have been written of late years. Bourget's "Impressions d'Italie" towers above the rest. Loti has done the thing admirably in the thin disguise of stories. They do command our moods, and paint memorable pictures on our brains. The lesser travel note-takers have their uses. They can raise longings to be where we should take notes ourselves. They remind us once more of the power of personality, and that there are as many Romes as there are sensitive visitors to the Eternal City. And then, too, they can be taken up and laid down without poignant excitement or regret, and are thus

convenient for filling the odd minutes of life. Vernon Lee's book is not of a commanding order. But it is full of pleasant and pretty writing. It takes us into delightful byways, and along these gives us agreeable companionship. We may have our own thoughts by the way, but we feel hers are subtle and interesting and unconventional. Above all, we are convinced of her intense love and gratitude for certain aspects of nature, and for the spirit of certain towns and lands. In her plan she strikes a happy medium between vagueness and guide-bookishness.

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR 1898. 5s. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

There is no catalogue published more useful to bookmen than this. It contains a complete alphabetical list of all books issued in Great Britain and Ireland during last year, giving publisher, size, price, and date of each. It is thoroughly reliable and accurate, easy of reference and marvellously complete. The publishers invite provincial firms and the owners of private presses to send information about the books they issue. It would save much labour and delay if this were done. In this, the sixty-second annual catalogue, a list of the names and addresses of the principal publishers is, for the first time, included. It is impossible to praise the volume too highly. Those whose business is with books know that it is indispensable and invaluable.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CARTER, T. T.—The Spirit of Watchfulness; and other Sermons, 5/- Longmans

DEARMER, P.—The Parson's Handbook, 3/6 .....Richards
[*The object of the book is to help "towards remedying the lamentable confusion, lawlessness, and vulgarity which are conspicuous in the Church at this time." It gives clear instructions as to the proper customs to be observed in conducting service according to the Prayer Book, and ought to be helpful to clergymen.*]

HARNACK, Prof. A.—Thoughts on the Present Position of Protestantism, trans. by T. B. Saunders, 1/6.....A. & C. Black
[*The Catholicising Movement is at work in Germany as well as England, and Prof. Harnack last year delivered a lecture on the subject. This lecture Mr. Bailey Saunders has now translated, judging, with good cause, that much of it is equally applicable in this country. Prof. Harnack finds that with the disappearance of the old, narrow doctrinal forms, "a clear insight into the conditions of the Protestant Life is on the point of disappearing." This and other dangers are clearly set before us in the lecture, which is well worthy of attention.*]

HARPER, J. W.—The Foundations of Society, 6/-.....Ward, Lock

INGRAM, A. F. W.—Banners of the Christian Faith, 3/6 Wells Gardner

JONES, Rev. E. G.—The Ascent through Christ, 7/6.....Bowden

JOWETT, B.—Sermons, Biographical and Miscellaneous, edited by W. H. Fremantle, 7/6 .....Murray

NICOLL, Dr. W. R.—The Ascent of the Soul, 1/- .....Isbister

PATTEN, S. N.—The Development of English Thought, 10/- Macmillan

SMITH, H. P.—A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Books of Samuel (International Critical Commentary), 12/- T. & T. Clark

NEW EDITIONS.

GLADSTONE, Rt. Hon. W. E.—The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture, 6d.....Newnes

POLLOCK, Sir F.—Spinoza, 8/- .....Duckworth

SPINOZA, B. de.—Ethic, trans. by W. Hale White and the Rev. A. Hutchison Stirling, 7/6.....Duckworth

FICTION.

ALAINE, B.—A Subtle Enchantress, 2/-.....Stockwell
[*Describes the downward career of a young man given over to evil courses. The outward appearance of the book is attractive but misleading. The story is badly written, and far from clever.*]

Autobiography of a Child, 6/- .....Blackwood
[*See p.* 55.]

BARNETT, E. A.—Sunningham and the Curate, 6/- .....Chapman

BEAVEN, E. M.—Tales of the Divining Rod, 5/-.....Stockwell
[*Really a treatise on "Rhabdomancy" disguised as a story. The mysteries of the divining rod provide its chief, and indeed only interest. Mr. Beaven does not approve of the subject's being treated on psychical lines. He considers that it is one for the pure scientist, and that the motive force is of an electric nature though not yet fully discovered. The book will be best appreciated by readers of the uncanny.*]

BELL, J.—In the Shadow of the Bush. A New Zealand Romance, 2/6 Sands
[*Contains a good deal of "local colour" and a fair amount of human nature. The style is heavy and the conversations impossible. The book reads like a first attempt, and will be read with most pleasure by those who already know New Zealand life.*]

BODKIN, M. McD.—The Rebels, 6/-.....Ward, Lock

BUCHAN, J.—Grey Weather, 6/- .....Lane
[*See p.* 55.]

CAMERON, Mrs. L.—A Fair Fraud, 6/- .....Long

CROCKETT, S. R.—The Black Douglas, 6/- .....Smith, Elder
[*See p.* 52.]

D'ANNUNZIO, G.—The Victim, trans. by G. Harding, 6/- Heinemann

DARLING BARKER, Mrs. S.—The Trials of Mercy, 6/-....Hutchinson
[*A truly surprising tale. Let no lovers of the sensational fear the dulness of the beginning. There are daggers and bandits and pagan rites, and fighting and romance galore to come. The active young heroine, Mercy, is not long chained to her consumptive, conventional husband. His death and a brigand are her speedy deliverers.*]

DENISON, T. S.—My Invisible Partner, 6/- .....Gay

DUDENEY, Mrs. H. E.—The Maternity of Harriot Wicken, 6/- Heinemann

DUNBAR, P. L.—The Uncalled, 5/- .....Service

ELLIS, T. M.—The Three Cat's-Eye Rings, 1/- .....Simpkin
[*A very lively tale of the Sirdar and the pursuit of the Khalifa. It is a society story rather than a military one however.*]

ERASMUS, S.—Prinsloo of Prinsloodorp, 3/6.....Dunbar
[*This "Tale of Transvaal Officialdom" is frankly Anti-Boer in its attitude. It is supposed to be the history of Piet Prinsloo, a Transvaal official, and, while nominally vindicating his memory, really reveals a career of trickery and slyness which the author considers characteristic of the Boer, who is, according to him, "the incubus on the progress of the Transvaal."*]

FARJEON, B. L.—Samuel Boyd of Catchpole Square, 6/-..Hutchinson
[*See p.* 55.]

FLETCHER, J. S.—The Death that Lurks Unseen, 3/6....Ward, Lock
[*A book of short stories, some good and some quite the reverse. The first (and best) has to do with diamonds and an infernal machine.*]

FOWLER, E. T.—A Double Thread, 6/- .....Hutchinson
[*See p.* 51.]

HARRADEN, B.—The Fowler, 6/- .....Blackwood
[*See p.* 47.]

HEDDLE, E. F.—The Pride of the Family, 3/6.....Bowden

HOWARD, C.—For Better or Worse? 6/- .....Unwin

GRAHAM, R. B. C.—The Ipané, 2/-.....Unwin

HILL, H.—The Spies of the Wight, 3/6 .....Pearson
[*A very bright and entertaining romance in Mr. Headon Hill's best vein.*]

HUME, F.—The Silent House in Pimlico, 3/6 .....Long
[*A mystery story, fairly though not superlatively good. The threads are cleverly interwined, and the secret of the murder is kept till the end.*]

KENEALY, A.—A Semi-Detached Marriage, 6/-.....Hutchinson

KINROSS, A.—An Opera and Lady Grasmere, 3/6.....Arrowsmith
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